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THE

REVIEW

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY  
BY STUDENTS OF

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UNIVERSITY

VOL V

NO III





## OLYMPIA

Remember how we climbed the mountain side  
Through campus green and gates of Sayre Park,  
Up winding roads, until we paused beside  
A wall of stone? Below us lay stretch'd stark  
And bare the town of Bethlehem. The sky  
Above was white with clouds. And everywhere  
Was scent of pine, and song of birds on high,  
And falling leaves that rustled through the air.  
We did not mind the wind that blew loose strands  
Of hair across closed eyes, but rode on wings  
Of gale and clouds above to distant lands  
Far moved from ivy tow'rs and earthly things.  
Since then, I never see the clouds from Lookout View,  
But I recall the hours I rode with you.

—E. F.





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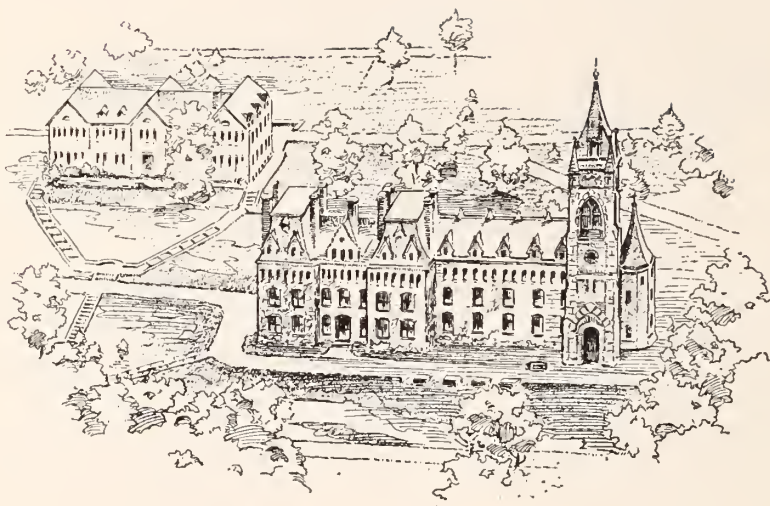
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## Goddess

by  
Oswald Pfne

CHARLIE was a minister, a real dyed-in-the-wool minister. He had just been ordained and his last sin was committed so long ago that he had already forgotten what it was, — or at least he made people believe that he had. He was making one supreme effort to live the perfect life, but the girls in the choir were giving him the rush, so that he thought the best thing to do was to get married. To whom? Well, he didn't know. There was a legend among ministers that they should never marry a girl from their congregations, so Charlie, being superstitious, decided to go back to the old home town and dig up one of his old flames. There were quite a number of flames in Charlie's experience, so he didn't know which one to choose. There was Jennie Evans, but she was too much of a "giddy gaga". She was one of those "Oh, I think you're marvelous" girls who giggles and titters at nothing. She had often made Charlie uncomfortable by her fiery advances. He knew, by her proficiency, that she had practiced on many others and that she had made love a game. He had never looked at it in that light and hated to be toyed with, so she was definitely "out".

There was Liela Farham, a quiet girl. He liked her a bit, and he liked her fam-

ily very much. Her mother made good dinners, and he knew that Liela had often helped her. At least he would be sure of getting good eats, and good eats certainly had their appeal. Besides, he was almost in love with her brother, who was about the only one in the world that knew what Charlie wanted. Charlie, himself, didn't know, but here is how he found out; but that is getting ahead of my story.

Liela had always worshipped Charlie; he had never made a date with her, although she had invented all sorts of situations. She had invited him to dances. Still there was,—no soap. She had often invited him to dinner. He chatted cleverly at the table and then read the newspaper or went on some excursion with her brother. She sat at home and fumed. Damn it, couldn't he give her a tumble? Charlie ignored all her efforts for him and then left the town for his first charge. He felt rather lonely at first. He had no good friends, but his personality soon won so many that they pestered him and now he was going to get married for protection. He had always pictured marriage as the result of a great romance, but necessity was necessity and romance or no romance he decided to take the jump.

He knocked at Liela's door. Liela

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came. Charlie blushed. Perhaps Liela did also, but Charlie couldn't tell because she was all black in the face from cleaning out the stove. After numerous apologies, which were altogether unnecessary, she let him come into the house and made a sad attempt to amuse him. He didn't want to be amused, he wanted to marry her. Oh, why didn't she propose? How is one supposed to go about it? Why hadn't he looked somewhere before he started out?

"Did you come for something, Charlie?" she said with all the appeal she had.

"Why, yes. I—I—came to ask you if you—y—." Oh, why didn't she say something? He wasn't so sure that he wanted to marry her now. "I want to marry you!" he blurted out.

"You,—what?" Liela gasped. Was this too good to be true? Of course she'd marry him. This wasn't a very romantic way to go about it, but here was an opportunity that wasn't to be sneezed at. Charlie whom she loved was at last proposing to her. "But do you love me, Charlie?" she sighed,—a hesitating sigh.

"Oh, I suppose I do," he replied indifferently. "But will you do it?" Why didn't she talk quickly before he would run out of the house? He was already going.

"Yes, Charlie, I will. Will you kiss me?" He kissed her. She clung to him. She wanted all he could give her, so she squeezed him until he fought to get away, when Liela's mother came in. "Oh, it's all right, mother; Charlie has just asked me to marry him, and I said 'yes' after much deliberation," was her happy answer to her mother's questioning stare.

\* \* \* \* \*

The marriage was over. It was thrilling for Liela but very uncomfortable for

Charlie. The questions stunned him and he wasn't sure that he could do everything he had promised; he could love and honor, but he couldn't comfort in time of sorrow. That promise puzzled him. He had never been able to comfort anyone. He never knew when to be sad or when to laugh; in short, comforting anyone was a decidedly uncomfortable procedure for him, but he supposed it was one of his new duties, just as visiting old ladies who served tea and gossiped incessantly, was one of his ministerial duties which he had become accustomed to and was beginning to enjoy.

Night came on and the dread slumber hour approached. Liela's brother looked amusedly at Charlie, stifled a smile and again buried his nose in a book that he was supposed to be reading. Mother was pouring Charlie his eighth cup of tea and making all sorts of suggestions about bed time. Charlie blushed, gulped and stumbled over an apology that he wasn't sleepy. Eddie, Liela's brother, knew that the time for action had arrived; he knew that Charlie would act this way; he knew that he would have more trouble with him, so he rose quietly and took Charlie and Liela by the arm and paraded them off to bed. Charlie gave in after a slight resistance, but Liela didn't resist at all. Eddie would have slapped her if she had; she was still his sister.

They, the newly-weds, went into their room, Liela's room, and sat for a long while on the bed. Finally, Liela came to the conclusion that they were acting like two mid-Victorians, so she promptly proceeded to undress. Off came the dress; off came the stockings. My God! She was going to take that other thing off. Charlie felt as if his stomach had dropped out. Even his hair stood up straight with amazement and horror. Stop! Stop! No, Liela wouldn't stop,—and he got married for protection! Oh, how was he to know



that this would happen? His pajamas were on the bed, and he started to undress with astounding rapidity, determined to get into bed and be asleep before she was aware of it. Shoes, stockings, pants, underwear, shirt, everything came off in a whirl-wind. He was naked now. He grabbed the pajamas. Ooh! Liela had touched him. She was running her hands up his back toward his neck. His neck had always been ticklish, and he trembled now. Liela wrapped both her arms around him and dragged her sleek body toward him. Flesh and flesh. How odd it felt. Charlie was as good as unconscious. Liela's hands were warm,—hot,—wandering. He awoke with a start and made a dive for his clothes. Liela was not to be thwarted; she kicked them off the bed and renewed the attack with astounding vigor. She put her one arm around his shoulders and the other around his neck. She drew closer to him; she pressed her lips on his. Charlie let her go on with this foolishness; he didn't resist at all. Suddenly he came to the conclusion that he had had enough, but Liela could not be thrust away with a single gesture. He wrestled with her and finally put her where he wanted her,—flat on her back on the other side of the bed. He glared at her. She looked stupefied. She hadn't expected anything like this, but there she lay. Any ordinary man couldn't have resisted her. She was tall and slender, built with that graceful perfection which only a girl of her type could have. Every muscle trembled. Her eyelids quivered. She was going to cry. No, damn if she'd cry! She'd get even with him; she'd make him pay for this treatment. She got up out of the bed, put on her pajamas, lifted the edge of the covers, got in, turned around and went to sleep. Charlie was ashamed of himself. He stood looking at her a long while in silence. What should he do? He had been a damn fool; he knew he

had. Slowly and afraid he reached over to touch her. He stopped half way, stiffened, lifted the covers and crept in. If he had touched her, he would have found out that she was crying. If he had bothered he would have known that she cried all night, that she arose at six o'clock in the morning and went down stairs.

Tearfully she entered the comfortable sitting-room. Nothing was comfortable now. She wanted to tear up all the furniture, knock the vases off the mantelpiece and rip the curtains from the windows. What a man she had married. He wasn't a man; he was a saint. She should have known better than to have tied herself to this stick of wood. All her life she had been yearning for love. Now she was getting it. Hal! She upset a chair and started to curse generously. She didn't know it, but she was making a lot of noise. She threw, almost hurled, herself on a lounge and sobbed convulsively until she heard footsteps,—Charlie's? No, he would make more noise; he didn't care about anyone. It was Eddie. He shouldn't see that she was crying, so she wiped her eyes and prepared herself to laugh. She felt like a bag of sand.

"Well, for crying out loud, look at the early bird," exclaimed Eddie with a broad grin. That remark was surely the wrong one to make. Liela snarled.

"He—he heh, heh heh!" It was a miserable attempt at a laugh. Eddie let out a guffaw. That was also the wrong thing to do. "I got up to dust the sitting-room before Charlie comes down so that he won't find any fault," Liela explained by way of apology for her being in the room so early.

"Now I'll tell one. Then Peter Rabbit got in his brand new airplane and started on his endurance flight while —

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"Stop! Stop!" shrieked the woman. "Or I'll choke you."

"Listen here, sis. Come down off the high horse and tell me what happened last night and I'll see what I can do about it. Don't start to bawl 'cause you'll drive me nuts. I can't stand to see women cry. Stop! Or I'll go upstairs and tell him what you're doing. Aw, come on, sis dear, and tell me about it? What happened? Oh, hell! I know what happened. I looked through the key-hole. Boy, sis, you sure did go some."

"Why, you little rat, I —."

"Oh, no, you won't. You've got more to do than that. Now listen to what I'm going to say to you. We've got to work fast. We've got to get him worried about you. Don't object 'cause it won't do you any good. Come over here to the desk. Come on! Sit down. Take that pen and paper. Write this: 'Dear Charlie, I was dreadfully pained last night when I saw that you didn't care about me,—.'"

"Oh, Eddie, he'll think that I'm a jack ass."

"He's not the only one. But go on; we'll make him so silly-looking that it will be a shame. I know Charlie better than he does himself, and I'm sure that this will work. Write it! We haven't much time to lose. Let's go!—care about me, so I am going to drown myself down at the bend in the canal. Good-bye. I shall always love you even in the cold water, not as cold as you. Liela.' There how do you like them apples? Keep on the clothes which you already have on. Grab any old thing. Beat it down to the canal; change clothes; let these clothes lie on the bank so that he'll think you jumped in and drowned yourself. I'll go back to bed and pretend that I'm sleeping. Give me the note, I'll plant it under his door. Beat it; then come home

by way of the meadow. We'll have the laugh on him. You'll not only get even with him. He'll love you because you put something over on him. Sis, this is raw; I'm sorry that you can't be here to see the fun, but you can imagine it. Go! You can't waste any time. Don't let him catch you there. Good-bye, sis. Good luck."

Eddie went upstairs slowly and quietly while Liela went off puzzled and scared to the canal. He peeped through the key-hole as he had done last night. Charlie was still asleep. The note slid noiselessly under the door. There was a little racket outside which awakened Charlie and called his attention to the note. That there had been a racket, Charlie didn't know. How long the note was there, Charlie didn't know. He arose, stared a question, and picked up the note. The door burst open. Charlie burst out. He would have awakened the dead. Eddie and mother jumped out of bed and ran to see what was up.

"My God, Liela has gone to drown herself," he shrieked. "Come along, Eddie."

Mother went into hysterics. Why hadn't Eddie told her?

"No, I'll stay home to take care of mother." Eddie took advantage of the situation. "You go alone."

Charlie needed no second invitation. There was no time to be lost. He blasted out of the door and ran for all he was worth. Why had he been so heartless last night? Oh, if she were only safe.

In the meantime a very interesting situation had developed. Liela had walked as fast as she could to the canal. She was all alone, and just a trifle scared, but she was not to be stopped. The morning was beautiful and inspiring. The grass was wet and sparkled in the sun. She took

## Goddess

off her shoes, stockings and the rest of her clothes. She felt glorious there among the beautiful green of the trees, like a spirit. She wanted to dance across the smooth soft grass. She stretched herself in the sun. It penetrated to her soul. Her lithe body, crowned with a radiant mass of chestnut hair was the reincarnation of a Greek goddess. She stretched her one leg and glided over the ground like a nymph. It was perfect to be alive. She was a vivacious creature and forgot everything in the beauty of the morning. All seemed a dream. All was a picture. Her creamy body was reflected in the water. She was perfection. The reproduction of herself in the water was the nearest thing to perfection. Both the forms danced, a lively living human dance, the expression of rapture and in-born joy.

Things were awakening, especially two tramps who lay watching and enjoying the performance. Their spirits were awakening, and they decided to take advantage of a situation which a man, the day before, had thrown away. Liela shrieked and screamed when she saw them. She scratched and clawed and

kicked to get away. She wasn't strong enough to do so. They tried to gag her. She couldn't be gagged. She screamed and fought. Why didn't someone come? Just before she fainted, she saw a big form burst upon her captors,—Charlie's.

"What the hell's going on here?" he roared savagely and pounced on the men who were equally as big as himself. Just a few blows convinced them that the place was extremely uncomfortable, so they left quite hastily. Liela was no longer unconscious, but she made believe she was. Charlie came down close to her as she lay prostrate on the ground. He appreciated her beauty now. He wasn't cold. He took her in his arms and caressed her. Slowly her eyes opened and looked at him appealingly. He kissed her.

"Charlie, do you really love me?" she asked. Charlie's answer was surely satisfactory. Liela held him close. He really loved her before they left and he showed his love in a most assuring manner. He loved her very much after that, and when they arrived home they were happy. Liela kissed Charlie, and, perhaps, when Charlie wasn't looking, she kissed Eddie, and Eddie smiled. He understood Charlie.





# This Phi Beta Kappa Nonsense

by  
Emanuel Honig

IN almost every college in the country, senior Year Book committees are preparing the material for the volumes which shall record the graduation of the Class of 1931. Seniors everywhere are asked to fill out ballots indicating their opinions on anything from unpopular professors to college widows. There usually is, according to these polls, a decided preference for Phi Beta Kappa keys in lieu of any other honor which might be conferred upon deserving undergraduates.

Indeed, last year metropolitan newspapers placed special stress upon the news that seniors at several of the larger universities looked with more favor upon a Phi Beta Kappa key than upon a varsity letter. This was, it must be supposed, a distinct shock to editors, who imagined that the college man, with his "flames" and gins and collegiate inanities, had little use for academic achievement. At any rate, the unanimity of the preference is sufficient proof that there exists a special reverence for the hallowed key of the chosen few. If those who are honored with the highest scholarship award are not placed among the anointed apostles of learning, they are at least regarded with considerable envy.

For my own part, I must confess a slight suspicion that I should feel my intelligence and self-confidence somewhat affronted if I were ever to become a member of the chosen few. I cannot help but venture the opinion that we make altogether too great a fuss about Phi Beta Kappa, and that those who boast membership therein are not quite the clever fellows we suppose them to be. Such an accusation will, of course, bring down an automatic protest—but

only from those who submit to their orthodoxies by habit rather than by reason. That certain individuals have occasionally refused membership in Phi Beta Kappa should indicate that there is some cause for an unorthodox opinion.

I myself scarcely see the logic of refusing. Of course, those who do may know that they are causing people to wonder; but it seems much more practical to accept the key, keep it polished and resplendent, and flash it with assured nonchalance in the face of every new acquaintance who must be duly impressed. So long as the beholder acknowledges the omniscience of the possessor of such a key, it is quite all right to show it proudly and to hide behind a casual affectation the admission that most of these little bits of gold would make better tassels for dunce caps.

This is not an accusation that most Phi Beta Kappa students are dunces; such a paradox could hardly be sustained. If, however, a dunce is one who boasts his own intellectual superiority, or permits others to boast about it, when in reality his mind is little more than a storehouse for useless and insipid knowledge, the paradox is destroyed—for that is exactly what the average Phi Beta Kappa man is.

Exactly what a Phi Beta Kappa key signifies and exactly what value is to be placed upon it is a matter of considerable conjecture. To the majority, the honor is unquestionably the highest collegiate distinction; but, unfortunately, this majority includes a totality of sentimentally-minded mothers and rationality-blinded teachers. Membership in the organization is avowedly a reward for scholastic attainment, and is, thus, offered

## This Phi Beta Kappa Nonsense

to those students who receive the greatest number of perfect marks, and whose records are not blemished by mediocre grades. Failure to pass a course is naturally almost an automatic bar to membership since this would imply a lack of perfection. A "Phi Bete" is, therefore, an "A" student.

But what is an "A" student? The question is widely debated, but to those who are confronted with the task of grading, it resolves itself into a determination of which students assimilate the most knowledge of the course and consequently achieve the highest results in their examinations. By what means such results are attained is of little consequence save, of course, that there be no dishonesty. In ninety per cent of the courses such "A's" are manufactured by superior powers of memorization and by rather intense application to the problem at hand. Capacity for organization and independent reasoning is, however, not nearly so vital, and therein lies the great fallacy of Phi Beta Kappa. There is among "A" students, naturally, considerable ability to organize material, but such organization pertains primarily to factual memorization and not necessarily to the power to work out problems independent of mere facts. This should in no way be taken to mean that "A" students cannot reason, no more than should the statement that many Phi Beta Kappa men are mere storehouses of information be conceived to imply that all of them are in the same category; but it must be, and is, observed by many that it is quite possible to get an "A" in many courses simply by memorizing every fact in a text-book.

An "A" is, thus, the apparent stamp of success in academic work. Actually, however, students of education are aware that this is by no means true success. Certain educators are prone to advocate a division of educational functions so that those who seek cultural studies may be

segregated from those who demand a preparation for business life, and so that both of these groups may be secured from contact with those who go to college merely to be entertained. Nevertheless, all such thinkers admit that the most important single function, from the standpoint of actual numbers of students, is that of preparation for business life. And, if education is primarily a preparation for the struggle for economic independence, it should be apparent that an "A" in any course is no certain guarantee of such success, and that a succession of "A's"—or Phi Beta Kappa—is by no means a prophesyl of ultimate achievement.

These facts are quite readily admitted in many quarters. Industrialists, for example, cite the importance of personality as a more vital attribute than an actual perfect grade in dynamos and motors. Executives claim that they can easily check facts by recourse to texts, but that they must possess an innate faculty to grasp the significance of such facts, and reason out a course of action for any prescribed set of circumstances. Observers have pointed out that Alumni Day finds Phi Beta Kappa men returning as secretaries of classmates whose school records would scarcely bear scrutiny. This, Phi Beta Kappa men must deny or excuse as the exception. Yet, even admitting that many Phi Beta Kappa men do achieve success in business, there still remains the criticism that such men are themselves the exception, the men who possess, besides those qualities for which they were elected to Phi Beta Kappa, other attributes vital to the ultimate success which they actually achieved. Statistics are not easily accessible, but there is fairly certain affirmation of the belief that the qualities which contribute to election to Phi Beta Kappa are too often the very ones found in routine employees—hence my suspicion earlier in this article

## The Lehigh Review

that election to Phi Beta Kappa would shake my self-confidence.

Among thirty-seven Phi Beta Kappa men at Lehigh from 1923 to 1926, for example, there is a preponderance engaged in non-executive capacities at present. Six are teachers, while eleven are laboratory chemists, non-executive engineers, statisticians, etc. Only four are, from the title of their positions, in any way vested with supervisory functions in their work. Seven, on the other hand, are listed in the Alumni Register as without positions, which means that twenty-one out of thirty of these graduates are employed in work which is somewhat mechanical in character. Naturally, little importance can be attached to such statistics because it is impossible to tell from the list of positions just how successful these men are, and because there can be no comparison with other graduates who failed to receive Phi Beta Kappa keys. The figures serve, nevertheless, to indicate that "A" grade students are often inclined to superior ability in routine work, due no doubt to their superior powers of application.

There is no reason why "B", "C" or even "D" grade students should not possess equal or even greater powers of organization and reasoning than Phi Beta Kappa men. Disinterest leading to lack of application may well bring a "C" to a student whose actual ability to think far surpasses that of an "A" man whose mind is particularly adept at holding facts. Special ability in one field, moreover, may characterize students destined to be successful in business, but failing to win scholastic awards because of a weakness in other fields. This is the most likely reason for the success of "D" students who recognize the need for ability to think in business and the inanity of remembering a maze of useless facts.

Better journalists are, therefore, likely to be found in Pi Delta Epsilon than in

Phi Beta Kappa, so too with Eta Kappa Nu and electrical engineers and with other similar special honorary societies. Success in any business or in any one field can only be reached by intense special interest and by a peculiar genius for the particular field. Phi Beta Kappa would require a broad interest and an unlimited capacity in all fields. It might, consequently, measure probable cultural capacity, but never possible business success—with any degree of certainty.

The truth, to my way of thinking, is that Phi Beta Kappa shows too much the influence of professors whose main interest is the accumulation of factual knowledge. Almost every Phi Beta would make a good professor, although fortunately only a minority of our professors are Phi Beta Kappa men. If we chose to honor Phi Beta Kappa students because they approach so nearly their teachers, well and good—but then we must remember that we are honoring the best students in our universities and not the best men.

Faculty members are prone to answer this criticism of themselves by pointing out that they prefer to live in the realm of ideas rather than in our material, hard and fast world. But this at once indicts them as abnormalities. Undoubtedly, many of our professors are fine men and enjoy the well-merited respect of their students, but they are after all too much like the medieval ascetics to deserve honor as the best specimens of the race. Why then should we pay homage to their prototypes as the best students of the race?

Few college men intend to become professors after graduation. Most of them want to quit their ascetic surroundings for the vital, living world. And that is the trouble with the professorial world. It is not truly alive to the whole of life, to the physical, sensual, material life in

(Continued to Page 54)



# What's Wrong

with



## Bethlehem?

by  
D. C. Hartmann

This is an answer to a recent article in The Review on the same subject by K. K. Kost.

WHEN Col. Charles Lindbergh returned from his hero-worship trip of the forty-eight states a few years ago, he expressed regret at being unable to land at several medium-sized cities which seemed very attractive to him as he dipped over them in salute. I always have been confident that he meant our city, just as the citizens of every other community in the country are certain that he meant theirs. I, however, have reason for my assurance, for I always have wished for the opportunity of viewing South Mountain and the river and valley as the bird flies.

Granted a clear day so that the aura of smoke be penetrable visually, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, should appear at its best from directly overhead. I do not doubt that Bobby Buck, champion amateur aeronaut, has chosen Lehigh for his future alma mater as much because of the impression he has of its campus from the sky as because Red Schuyler is a student here.

One can get some notion of how Bethlehem would appear from the perspective of empyrean by climbing the Lookout or even Reservoir Hill back of St. Luke's Hospital. Either is a popular retreat for

the newcomer who finds that a periodic clearing of his lungs and a glimpse of undefiled nature are essential for the preservation of his reason. One of the strongest arguments in the Steel City's favor, one which Mr. Kenneth Kost forgot when he wrote his article for the 1930 Spring Issue of The Review, is that it is "so near the woods." Prof. Thomlinson Fort, a hiker of no mean experience (Georgian and African included) has been quoted as of the opinion that no city has environs more appealing. In all directions are glacier-carved hills and valleys and woods among and in which the nature-lover can lose himself and forget. Much of my most enjoyable and profitable reading has been done at the Reservoir or on Big Rock. And there is the hike over the mountain to Hellertown or Center Valley, the hike up Monocacy Creek, and others known to the Hiking Club.

It is unfortunate that each visitor to Bethlehem is not required to make his entrance as probably did the Moravians in 1741 either over the hills or up the valley. Instead, the newcomer is admitted through the city's basement. If he

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has no friends to meet him he must sneeze his way to the surface bewildered. At the summit of the stairway he discovers Bethlehem's great engineering accomplishment; its technical excellence is lost on him, however, as he wonders what in the devil it connects and on which side is the address he seeks.

The chances are that with no one to direct him his random choice will be the north side because of the Hotel Bethlehem, the most conspicuous structure on the horizon. Before the hostelry was erected the Moravian spires might have attracted him, but there would have been the University buildings and the Steel Works to confuse him.

If visitors must be required to enter Bethlehem below ground, train schedules should be revised so as to have all arrivals around sunset or early evening. Bethlehem does have beautiful sunsets; or rather, Allentown has them, and Bethlehem enjoys them by squinting down the valley in a westernly direction. And with dusk Allentown contributes its polychromatic Gas Company building, the Lehigh Valley's only skyscraper, so that the afterglow often seems to be the reflection of that tower.

To the rear of the person caught by this half-hour of beauty there stretches two miles of the grim industrial waste which is accountable for so much of Bethlehem's—and the world's woe—the Bethlehem Steel Works of which Charles A. Schwab is the Elijah and Eugene G. Grace the Elisha. It too contributes to the variegated horizon, spouting evanescent red, yellow and orange into the atmosphere. This sight, majestic but fearful, makes one shudder as he crosses the toll bridge (another vestige) late in the evening deafened by the roar of machines as the long cannons of hell speak defiance to heaven at which they are aimed.

Bethlehem, viewed horizontally, is drab and unattractive. What beauty one finds

here is what he romantically imagines or what he discovers in small segments. When enjoying the sunset up the valley, blinkers such as formerly worn by dray horses, are advisable and also cotton for the ears as a lumbering express whirls around the bend and screeches its way beneath, endangering traffic by obliterating the right of way with its clouds of smoke. Lehigh's campus is an oasis and, despite the construction of the Packard Laboratory, still the most beautiful spot within city limits. But the pleasant impression it creates disappears with a five-minute walk in any direction, even sooner if one is driving an automobile over the city streets.

It is doubtful if life in our city would be tolerable were it not for the natural division of its parts. Who could stand more than the four blocks of rattle and bang and desolation through which the university professor or student who dwells on the north side, must pass twice or thrice daily, as through a gauntlet, on his way from Packer Avenue to the Penny Bridge, unless there were that quarter-mile surcease? It affords those who are walking in pairs opportunity for conversation which is interrupted only when one of the ubiquitous antiques of the Lehigh Valley Transit Company bounces by. His back to the Steel Works, one need not turn about, but, like Lot and his daughters, think of the better (by comparison) land ahead.

The man (or occasionally the woman) by the side of the road who collects the tithes, some of them red hot from the pockets of impractical jokers, is a daily experience. A. M. S. Hutchinson's Mark Sabre would delight in the diurnal game of shooting his penny past the palm aimed to check it on its way to the tin receptacle and thence into the strong boxes of good Moravians.

And there is the bubbler, the donation of the Women's Christian Temper-

## What's Wrong With Bethlehem?

ance Union, symbolic of the greater humanity of the north side, and the Library, formerly the recreation center of the Steel Works, with the adjacent cemetery where legend has buried the Last of James Fennimore Cooper's Mohicans and where early of a Sunday morning and each Christmas and Easter may be heard the trombone choir plying homage to the deceased.

It is because of its quaintness and its landmarks (the Sun Inn where George and Martha Washington and Lafayette are alleged to have stopped, the site of the first public water works in America, the old finger-board road to Ohio built in 1745 and now called Main Street, the Civil War Monument on Market Street about the dedication of which a ludicrous tale is told, and the Moravian buildings replete with religious and revolutionary lore) that the new citizen finds Bethlehem interesting. He shuts his eyes and envisions the city in its infancy, peopling its woods with red-skins, its river and canal with canoes, and its mountains with lookouts. As he reties his shoe-lace on a convenient doorstep abutting onto the sidewalk, he imagines buckskinned pioneers and covered wagons, Moravians "theeing" and "thouing", marrying by lot, providing shelter for widows, extending loving Christian assistance to each other.

There is little of this virtuosity left in Bethlehem though sundry service clubs vociferously labor to revive it. Bethlehem society is cliquey and aristocratic. The right people always do the right things, and to belong one must be invited and must pass a satisfactory initiation. The nice people exist mainly off of the lower strata which it has been difficult to segregate in the southeastern part. Profligate and reform administration alike seems impotent to protect the skirts of the city's respectable as they shop in either business center—which they do only

occasionally, the really refined electing to take their custom to Allentown, Philadelphia or New York.

Before ending this recitation of annoyances, there must be mention made of the primitive fire-siren with its two, three and four alarms often in the dead of night. Sad indeed is the plight of the valetudinarian dependent upon quietude for his very life; Steel Works, street cars, railroads, trombone choirs, hallowe'en paraders, Lehigh and high school students celebrating, are as virulent as the bacteria which he may be battling.

And consider the former metropolite seeking housing, or the midwesterner desirous of a decent malted milk, or the night workman in search of recreation on the Sabbath. To them the radio is surcease; the chain stores and the early editions of the New York and Philadelphia newspapers are manifold blessings. If one wishes his favorite magazine, however, he must subscribe to it by mail. And he must do the same for most liberal literature against which a diligent library board of Steel Works officials is a censoring bulwark.

Mr. Kost, in his article, mentions several institutions which militate against the unaesthetic features of Bethlehem. He takes pride, native Bethlehemite as he is, in the Bach Festival and the Community Concert Course. True, the former provides entertainment and education annually for a few hundred musically-inclined citizens. But with the patronage almost entirely outside of the community the second generation citizen is forced to content himself with the final rehearsal to which he can secure tickets at one dollar each if he has "pull" with a member of the chorus, or else with enjoyment of the echo on the University campus, usually water-soaked at that time of May.

As for the community concerts, their value is doubtful. Although reputable concert performers have appeared at Lib-



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erty High School, their programs have been, in by far the majority of cases, disappointing. The experienced concert-goer feels like a member of an Atlantic City or New Haven audience upon whom Broadway plays are tried out each season. The stars with little difficulty detect their audience's philistine attitude and demonstrate their contempt by encoring with "Home, Sweet Home" and "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise." These circumstances and the uncertainty of each season's program until after the subscription list is complete, have led charter patrons not to renew their memberships and to stay home and enjoy their radios instead.

The reader is not to interpret these observations as meaning that Bethlehem has no aesthetic appreciation. The Moravian music is beautiful even though the trombone choir may be a nuisance from midnight to dawn on Christmas and Easter. Frederick Wolle found singers accustomed to choral work when he organized his first festival, for music is vital in the Moravian Church. But the Moravians are no longer the major strain in Bethlehem's citizenry, and the Bach Festival is hardly more than an annual circus which brings senators and millionaires and colored chauffeurs to the foot of South Mountain to the slight pecuniary advantage of Bethlehem merchants.

As far as other recreation and entertainment is concerned, there have been changes. Since Mr. Kost wrote his article, the Moose Hall has been leased for a boys' club and the bi-weekly entertainments which tired business men and university boys attended surreptitiously are no more. Likewise, according to the

Rev. Fred Trafford, the inhabitants of the south side's fifty-three houses of prostitution have been ejected beyond the city limits to the slight inconvenience of patrons. It is no longer lawful for Dean McConn to stop his automobile on the Hill-to-Hill Bridge and offer his wife a ride; Lehigh students cannot enjoy Maennerchor beer, nor can any other citizen imbibe of anything stronger.

Thus, Bethlehem's original Protestant strain is organizing to protect the next world chances of its heterogeneous neighbors. And so the raucous entertainment which is an inevitable concomitant of industrialism is denied. How much the average working man suffers, the writer can only surmise; but he does not feel with Mr. Kost that the attitude of university students and faculty members toward the community is typical of that which undergraduates and professors alike feel in other college cities. To dwell in Bethlehem is to be caged and cut off from most everything which one who has lived elsewhere has learned to consider necessary for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It must be borne in mind that Mr. Kost has passed the major portion of his life in Gary, Indiana, home of the United States Steel Corporation. And, in all justice to him and to Bethlehem it must, in conclusion, be admitted that perhaps, after all, the situation in which we find ourselves is not much worse than that of the fuliginous denizens of Pittsburgh, Gary, and Youngstown. Maybe, after all, we are better off, for we do have the Moravians and we do have Lehigh. And there are Allentown, Philly and Manhattan beckoning from not far off.



# — And Some Are Great

by  
Bert J. Friedman

OF COURSE, he could write. It was just a question of getting started.

But never before had inspiration been so completely lacking. Hugh bit his lip in vexation. He scowled at his typewriter, perched so jauntily upon the desk. The crisp white paper, inserted with such infinite care between the rollers an hour ago, mocked him. Why couldn't he think of the big story? It meant so much. It was his initial clutch at fame. Of course, it would take a few years before he was a great author, but now he might hope for a raise and a better position with his paper. In college, even though the story wasn't burning within him, he could write a clever title, a few metaphors, and then the idea would evolve. Well, he wasn't in the mood. That was all. Savagely, he jumped up, snatched his coat from the hook in passing and slammed the door behind him.

A moment before, Hugh had been sitting at a desk in the noisy City room, his hat perched on the back of his head, his vest covered with ashes from the endless number of cigarettes he had smoked, a perfect example of the movie cub reporter. Now he was walking hastily up Eighth Avenue, taking enormous strides, his arms swinging loosely, so rapt in thought that it was a wonder that he did not collide more often in the swarm of people on the streets. As he walked he remembered those very recent days when everyone in college admired his writing and predicted a bright future for the budding author. Upon graduation he had entered the New York Globe. Of course, his sister had married the business manager, but then they were always on the lookout for young aspiring reporters.

He was going to startle the newspaper world with the product of his genius. With passionate zeal he had been copying probate wills and filing death notices in alphabetical order. Feverishly he had longed for the opportunity to show his superiors that talent such as he possessed should not be stifled by death notices. Evidently the editor had recognized the latent genius. Just that morning he had presented himself before that august personage.

"Well, son, know you're trying hard. Let's see what you can do on a little human interest stuff for the morning edition. Big pathos. If it's all right, we'll give you front page."

Hugh turned right on Forty-eighth Street almost unconsciously, and directed his steps toward Broadway. He began to scrutinize carefully the faces of those he was passing. There must be a tragedy lurking behind the eyes of that pretty but hard-looking woman. Perhaps that blind beggar on the corner was trying to support a family with the nickels and pennies he got for his shoe-laces and pencils. Oh hell! He turned into an alley. A couple of drinks would help.

It was too early for Bob's to be crowded. There was only one customer. And one would never have noticed him, had not his been the only form slouched against the bar. He was a small man, and there was a pathetic droop to his shoulders. Hugh walked up to the bar, and then he could see the watery eyes and reddened eyelids, the shapeless dirty grey hat that seemed at any moment to be falling over his face. Curious Hugh studied him more closely. Bob was outside talking to someone over the tele-

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phone. The little customer's nose was small and pointed uncertainly. A thin line of hair twitched on his upper lip as he gulped down his drink. Bob was saying good-bye, and he'd be behind the bar in a moment. Hugh began to yell a greeting to Bob when he suddenly noticed that the little bedraggled chap just a few feet away from him was shivering as though in the throes of an epileptic fit. His eyes were bulging out of his head. His head moved nervously to all sides. In a twinkling he was transformed from a very meek, unobtrusive, little customer into a pitifully raging tomcat. He slammed his glass so violently that it shattered into splinters, he kicked the spittoon into a corner, upset a table in sudden flight and ran out through the door shrieking "Goddam her. Goddam her."

It had all taken but a few minutes, and to Hugh it was like coming late to the theatre, witnessing the climax and missing the whole point of the play.

"That guy's going nuts," was the lucid comment of the stolid Bob as he carefully removed the glass splinters from the bar with his huge hams. "What'll it be?"

"Rye. Make it straight," said Hugh leaning against the bar. "Say, what's the matter with that fellow? He's a funny-looking egg. Wouldn't think he had it in him to get nasty."

"Oh him?" with a careless shrug, "plays a cornet in Zarni's gardens. He used to tell me his troubles. Only, lately, he don't talk much. He said he married a keen dame about a year ago. But she was one of them good-looking hunkies. I guess she was happy enough to get anyone who wanted to marry her," and he spit. "Have another shot." That's O. K. I'll take 'em." Bob was becoming expansive. He hadn't had an audience all afternoon.

"You see it took the poor sap about five months to find out that she was playing around with a couple of other mugs

while he was tooting a horn every night down in the Gardens. The shock broke him all up, because he didn't know what to do about it. He didn't have the guts to kill a flea anyway. And he knew that if he bawled her out she'd never roll her eyes at him again, or cuddle up to him in one of those perfumy tight silk kimonos. So he goes around worrying his heart out, and buying her anything she asks him to. She kept him broke, too, what with him only making about thirty bucks per."

"Well, things went along that way for a while 'til one night the guy comes home and she's not there. She'd been leading him a dog's life, but he calls up the police station and the hospitals; and then he walks around the streets all night. And he can't find hair or hide of her, and he worries himself sick. Three days later she comes back and tells him it's none of his d—— business where she's been, and where does he come off to talk, seeing as how he never comes home 'til late and then sleeps all day. Then she lifts up her skirt and shows him one of those fancy lace step-ins or something, and tells him that he could never afford one. And the poor sap goes nuts. He starts raving, and cussing all around the place and even gets up the courage to heave a chair at her. That's what she's waiting for. Bloody eye and all she packs right up and walks out on him, and the next thing this bloke gets is a letter from a lawyer telling him he's got to pay her seventy-five bucks a month. Well, he don't make much more than that, so he looks her up, and finds out she's living with another guy."

"Why didn't he go up and get the goods on her?" blurted Hughes, "then he wouldn't have to pay her the money."

"That's just what he figured. But when he gets to the joint where they're living, the guy turns out to be a police sarge,

(Continued to Page 54)

# Why Be An Engineer?

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

**I**T IS always interesting, when on the threshold of one's career, to look back over the passing years and, from a psychoanalytical standpoint, try to determine what incidents and decisions brought about your present activities toward gaining that goal set by yourself. I use the word psychoanalytical with reservations, due to my exceedingly inadequate knowledge of psychology and all its vast ramifications, which will undoubtedly render my attempts at self-analysis valueless.

My birthplace is the small country town of Leesburg, nestling among the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains which overlook the beautiful Shenandoah Valley; my birthday, the twenty-seventh of October in nineteen hundred and nine. My mother is a mild-mannered woman born of German parents of a high Prussian order. My father is of a family whose ancestry has been American-born for five generations, and whose life, with all its romantic adventure and world-wide travel, fascinated me to a degree of respect and awe which I never outgrew. For five years I lived on a farm devoted to the breeding and training of race-horses and jumpers, for which my father had a keen passion as a hobby, and through which he gained extensive travel, racing them on American and foreign turf. Of his part in an exploring expedition by the Smithsonian Institute into Central Africa, I will speak later, as I believe it added materially to my desire to see foreign lands.

Of Virginia I remember very little, as we moved to Baltimore at the end of my fifth year. An unfortunate railroad accident and a disappointing technicality in regard to insurance placed my father in financial straits which necessitated the

abandonment of the farm. I left Leesburg with only a few recollections—those being of the beautiful mists of bluish tint that hung about the mountain-tops in early morn, undoubtedly the inspiration that caused the name Blue Ridge to be applied to the mountains, and the hazy picture of the well-kept horses and stables under the care of the colored boys. It was a life which must have been attractive, as I have often heard my mother speak sadly of its cessation, a life into which she so perfectly fitted and which accepted her so whole-heartedly despite her northern origin. That life is constantly being recalled to me at home by the numerous oil-paintings of my father's prize horses and the occasional visits of his southern friends during the Fall meetings at the northern tracks. Due to the brevity of my residence in Virginia, I do not believe that it greatly affected my life, except in so far as I have woven romantic and oftentimes incredible fantasies about the place—those being prompted out of subsequent stories rather than reminiscences of actual experiences. I do believe that what short contact I did have with that life helped to create the love of horseflesh that I now possess, as well as the love any boy may normally have—out of desire for some form of activity.

It was in Baltimore that I first became an integral part of a gang of boys, my color as well as training not permitting association with the boys about the farm. At first I had difficulties, because the boys of the gang regarded me with suspicion because of my continual appearance in the spotless white so characteristic of the South, but several sorties that were disastrous to the clothes commanded the respect of the gang, as well as the dismay



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of my mother. My father's time, during the two years in Baltimore, was largely spent in New York salvaging the remains of his financial collapse and associating himself with a steamship line. Consequently, I saw very little of him, but found sufficient substitute for the companionship of an adult man in the company of a neighbor. This elderly gentleman had an unlimited reservoir of knowledge about woodlore, woodcraft, and the like, so that we took long rambles through the nearby woods which yielded me many happy experiences. He would point out numerous things of interest that would have escaped my inexperienced eye. These excursions introduced me to the attractiveness of Nature, and undoubtedly sowed the seed that developed into my present appreciation of elemental life and the desire to transform it into usable commodities.

After two years of Baltimore, we settled in Jersey City which was advantageous to my father because of its proximity to New York. It was there that I entered school at the age of seven. The city held nothing that was attractive to me, due entirely to the intermingling of the various nationalities into a cosmopolitan people. The geographic condition of the city brought the homes of the nicer people in our section to within a stone's-throw of those of the foreign element. A sharp decline from the hill upon which we lived brought us abruptly into this alien district, although a sharp line was drawn between the two. The "lowlanders", as we nicknamed the boys from that quarter, attended the same school that we did, with constant friction between the two. However, it was this mingling with those boys that gave me the fundamentals of getting on with other people, an essential attribute of any engineer who is apt to be thrown in contact with the laboring classes. That ability was later manifested in my relations with the crew of a steamer

with whom I lived for several months. I completed my grammar and high school education in Jamaica, Long Island, where we later lived to escape the unpleasantness that was associated with Jersey City. Although not outstanding, my grades were above the average despite my doing as little work as possible. It has always been characteristic of me never to do my best work to the fullest extent. My activities, other than scholastic, were entirely in the sport realm. I took part in football, hockey, and the like. An increasing interest in things mechanical and technical, plus my father's business connections, enabled me frequently to visit the larger ocean liners, buildings, and construction jobs, and to inspect their inner workings. These only further stimulated my desire to be an engineer.

Graduating in mid-years from high school, I had slightly more than eight months before college, so I immediately signed on a tramp steamer bound for Tampico, Mexico, much to the dismay and discomfort of my mother, for I was then only sixteen years of age. My father, however, was secretly pleased at my going, alone, and as an ordinary seaman on a boat whose next port of call was a matter of conjecture. Beyond a few letters, my parents knew little of my whereabouts, and it was of some concern to my mother when she received letters from Mexico, British Guiana, Venezuela, and Algiers, all over a period of eight months. That trip gave more of an insight into how the other half lives than any other means could possibly afford. Mingling with seamen, good and bad alike, sharing their diversions ashore as well as their labor at sea, enjoying the peacefulness and overwhelming beauty of night-watches in tropical seas as well as the frightening horror of a tropical hurricane in the Straits of Galbrados, viewing the jungled tropics beyond Georgetown and Caracas and the arid wastes of Northern Africa



## Wheels of Chance

as well as the steel and concrete of the Atlantic seaboard ports, gaining a liberal education in seeing the rottenness, the vice, the morbidness to which human beings sink, as well as the finer instincts to which they rise; all forcibly impressed on me the beauty and tranquillity of material and human nature at peace, as well as the destructiveness of those same natures in anger or degradation. It unfolded to me the possibilities of engineering as a means of utilizing the more tranquil qualities of both human and material natures into creating facilities for the betterment of life.

I was thrilled at the sight of man's numerous monuments of his work in harnessing the great forces of Nature, and desired to emulate those works. Those great developments, more appreciated if viewed in a surrounding that has not been equally developed, supplied the impetus that made me select engineering for a profession. It is a profession whose ul-

timate result is constructive, no matter what immediate evils may be wrought. That is, after all, the most noteworthy test in the great scheme of things.

My entrance into college was uneventful except in so far as my introduction to a new, apparently glamorous atmosphere at first absorbed me. The conditions "off campus", the stumbling-block of so many, were not new to me so that the life soon became routine, with the accompanying rapid dimming of that glamour. Approaching the completion of my course, after four years of pleasant, congenial surroundings of both an athletic as well as intellectual nature, I am filled with deep gratification for what has passed, and with optimistic enthusiasm for what will come. I look forward to the fulfilment of my dreams—dreams fostered through the years and kept alive by the continual contacts with incidents whose relationship with my chosen profession is direct.

## Wheels of Chance

by  
Theodore Ehrsam, Jr.

**S** EVEN o'clock; the whirring of an alarm-clock split the silence of the dingy room. A long, thin hand extended itself toward the clock, and stopped the ringing short. The owner of the hand stretched wearily, as if he were tired in brain and soul as well as in body. He thrust the warm covers from him, and sat erect on the bed. His face was white and drawn, and was tinged with the sickly-green pallor of the city-bred.

While he dressed, his mind was sluggishly reviewing the events of the preced-

ing day. "Andrews," his foreman, had said, "There's something wrong with you. The way you've been working lately doesn't suit me. You have your last chance this week: if you work the way you should, you stay here; if not, you'll have to leave."

Jim had just shuffled uneasily, and mumbled an incoherent assent. Everywhere he had worked for the past few months, he had heard the same tale. Few people knew, and fewer seemed to care, that he was concerned over the un-

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timely death of his father. His "Dad", as Jim had always called him, had been shot in cold blood while he was on duty as night watchman of a warehouse. Tell-tale fingerprints pointed directly to Al Barnes, a notorious gangster, as the murderer. He had subsequently disappeared, and the police, though they had searched for several months in the most remote nooks and crannies of New York's underworld, had failed to find any trace of him. In fact, they had virtually given up the task as hopeless.

For Jim, however, the months had been hideous nightmares. His life had been threatened, on several occasions, and he had been advised to leave the city before it became "too hot to hold him." It seemed to be just a matter of time before Al or his "gang" would "get" him; and so Jim had no heart for his daily work.

He dressed in a few moments, and hurried to the tiny lunch-room on the corner. While he was hurriedly eating his breakfast, a queer feeling came over him; the week before him would long be remembered! He rose from the counter, paid for the meal, and strode rapidly to work. Whatever else came about, he resolved that he was going to make good at his tasks that week.

The days, however, passed quickly, and without untoward events. Jim began each day with a truckload of packages to be delivered. At five o'clock, or thereabouts, he drove the truck back to the garage, with his work completed. On Friday of the week, with the last parcel delivered, he was guiding the machine through the remote streets of the city, on the East Side, near the river. Here it was that he could drive with the least possible traffic delay.

A gloomy twilight had already fallen over the city, heightened by an icy drizzle, which coated the pavements with

a slippery covering. The street was but dimly lighted, and the headlights of the truck did little to pierce the gathering darkness. A fine mist crept silently in from the river.

Suddenly there loomed up, directly in the path of the speeding vehicle, the figures of a woman and a child crossing the street. They seemed to be unaware of the grim Death that lurked so near. Jim knew there was no safety in application of the brakes, with such an ice-coated roadway beneath the swiftly-moving wheels. Frantically he swung the steering-wheel sharply to the left, so that the truck might not strike the woman or her child. Instead, it climbed the sidewalk and came to a stop against a building. The right wheel struck an unkempt beggar who had been sitting on the curb. A leaden weariness came over Jim, and he slumped in his seat.....

A policeman came on the scene, and witnesses explained to him how the accident had occurred. An ambulance was summoned for the injured man, and it arrived in a few moments. The surgeon bent over the beggar for a time, then straightened up and spoke to the police officer.

"He was killed instantly, has a fractured skull and internal injuries. Have you his name?" queried the doctor, making rapid notations.

"No," replied the officer, "but we can find it soon enough."

The dead man's pockets yielded various papers, which established his identity. The surgeon, noting the officer's look of amazement, glanced at a card of identification. The beggar was Al Barnes.

.....

Hail rattled noisily on the sidewalk, and a fierce wind howled mournfully through the telegraph wires. That night a man, long-since dead, slept soundly for the first time. Fate had spun the wheel.



## A Modern Hell Week

Why is it that our dear professors deem it necessary to select the same week for quizzes, reports on work, term papers, and in general create a modern "Hell Week" much worse than the one which they generally condemn? In each new term work proceeds systematically on its way up to a certain time, and then each department is warned that grades are due in every course. The word is passed on to instructors, and, like Rip Van Winkle's suddenly awakened from the hum-drum of daily lectures and questions, they all realize the life and death importance of giving the class a quiz, and contrive to set the same date that six other instructors are deciding upon. When it's all over, they wonder how a class can possibly be so dumb after all the enlightened instruction they have donated. They do not seem to realize that they are not practicing what they preach. They are creating a total situation, each one doing his little share, in which it is absolutely necessary to do some cramming no matter how well daily work has been prepared.

Quizzes given in bunches and in a hurry, simply so that the necessary grades may be turned in to the office, are never satisfactory estimates of a student's ability. It is like watering a flower carefully each day, watching it grow, and then pulling it up rashly to examine the roots. Why is it not possible to give an occasional quiz, if necessary, throughout the term, at different times, informing the students ahead of time so that they may be able to do their best work?

The system which gives more desirable results is that of allowing a candidate to take an examination when he thinks he has completed the work. The University of Chicago awards a degree when the outlined work is satisfactorily completed, and not when a fellow has spent four years in college.

Shall we ask our instructors for leniency, or shall we request them to use good common sense a little more in this whole matter of bunched-up quizzes and "Hell Week" in a new sense? Let's give them an earful.

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### The Puritan of To-morrow

It was Stuart Sherman who first attributed to the Puritan that happy combination of the modern with the critical spirit. The modern spirit, briefly, is open-mindedness in its finest and broadest sense. Hence, a mind which welcomes truth from all directions, even the dusty past, is rightly termed modern. But some standard or check is necessary, and the process of careful consideration, of sifting, rejecting or retaining in the light of previous knowledge, is the key to the critical spirit.

In our colleges of to-day, if they are to be of any real value to the world, there must be stressed these aspects of our Puritan heritage. Bigotry and intolerance can well be done without, and wisely. But it must be realised that open-mindedness without reflection is sheer idiocy, and that discrimination apart from

an open mind is futility. There is, and must be taught, a happy medium.

The gate of a college opens upon the portals of the world, and a never-ending stream proceeds from the one to the other. Those who will soon step across the invisible but tangible chasm yawning between the two should take care to come fully equipped. They must read the needs of nations, for these they must fill.....

There is no need for the "grind" whose sharp nose bores eternally in musty books, nor for the so-called "social climber" whose college life is one mad whirl of gaiety. Of these the world has more than too many. The crying need is for men, and the surest marks of manhood are an open mind and a sober judgment. Who possesses these will be the Puritans of to-morrow.





# Lehigh's Class Bells

Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the day,  
Oh, what fun it is to run  
From Packer to Coppee.

by  
Walton Forstall, Jr.

“THE bells are rung by Jack Hartigan's watch,” is a saying which the writer has heard several times since his matriculation at Lehigh, and one which might be classed with the ostrich-burying-its-head story, popularly believed, but scientifically untrue.

Still, it would require no great extending of the imagination to call the mechanism which rings Lehigh's class bells “Jack Hartigan's watch”. Instead of carrying it in his pocket, he keeps it securely fastened to the east wall of his office in the W. A. Wilbur power-house, and its official name is really “461, A Universal Program Clock”. It was sold to the University on July 6, 1926, by the International Time Recording Company, a division of the International Business Machines Corporation, 50 Broad Street, New York City.

High on the wall, enclosed in a long glass case, this timepiece looks like an ordinary pendulum, spring-actuated clock, except that below the usual white clock-face with black numerals is a slightly smaller brass disc, like the plate of a sun-dial, with hours and minutes engraved completely about its circumference.

This brass disc is really the front end of a brass wheel which contains across its width eight grooves. Slightly above this wheel is a much smaller but similar wheel marked with the days of the week subdivided into four parts. If it were desired to have the bells ring at four o'clock on

Monday morning (which heaven forbid!), a little pin would be inserted in the proper groove in the large wheel opposite four o'clock, and another pin in the small wheel in the corresponding groove opposite “Mon. A. M.”

Once every minute the clock closes an operating contact for six seconds. When four o'clock Monday morning came, the contacts operated by our little pins would be closed, and when the clock closed the operating contact there would be a circuit completed through the clock relay.

Now, the thirty-one bells are not all on one circuit, but are divided into groups according to location, each group being operated by a relay hooked in the circuit of a preceding group. Thus, the clock relay rings two bells in the gymnasium, three in the Physics Laboratory, one in the W. A. Wilbur Laboratory, one in the Fritz Laboratory, two in Christmas-Saucon Hall, and operates the Chemistry Building relay.

The Chemistry relay rings four bells in the Chemistry Building, one in Williams Hall, and three in Packer Hall, and operates the Coppee relay.

The Coppee relay, in turn, rings one bell in Coppee Hall, one in Drown Hall, one in the Coxe Mining Laboratory, and one in the Armory.

When Packard Laboratory was built, its ten bells, five on the Electrical Engineering side, and five on the Mechanical Engineering side, were connected to their

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own relay which was then tied into the clock relay circuit.

The entire bell system is operated on 110-volt alternating current taken from the lighting circuit. It is protected throughout with six-ampere fuses. The bells are, of course, connected in parallel across the relays.

The clock is wound by a little electric motor which operates automatically whenever the clock needs winding, so that, except for an occasional setting, the timepiece never requires attention. The bells may be rung at will from a button on the clock, so that they could be used for any general informatory signal such as a fire warning.

The present bell system was first used in the fall of 1926. What the University did before that is a natural question. Before that, there was no signal, and the professor's roll call and dismissal no doubt depended upon his watch. In

those days, too, fewer than ten minutes were allowed for the changing of classes. At one time it was seven minutes and at another five. It was also a common practice in former days for the professor to lock his class-room door at the time for which the class was scheduled, leaving late-comers no other choice but to turn hopelessly away.

Having been with the University for thirty-one years, Jack Hartigan was reminiscing of the old days. "You ought to have seen Jakey Humble get from class to class," he said. "Jakey had a wooden leg, but he'd lift it up and hop down those steps faster than a two-legged boy could run. And he was always cheerful. I'd see him on a winter's morning.

" 'Pretty cold this morning, eh Jakey,' I'd greet him.

" 'Cold enough to freeze my wooden leg, Jack,' he'd call back and go hopping away to his next class."



# Legends and Architecture

O antique fables! beautiful and bright  
And joyous with the joyous youth of yore;  
O antique fables! for a little light  
Of that which shineth in you evermore,  
To cleanse the dimness from our weary eyes,  
And bathe our old world with a new surprise  
Of golden dawn entrancing sea and shore.

by  
Revere Beasley

WITH these lines by James Thomson, Charles M. Gayley begins his volume of *Classic Myths*. What better beginning could there be for an article on the stories that have grown up around the art of Architecture? Every art has woven about it a multitude of such stories, and architecture is **not** the exception that proves the rule. There are stories of why certain buildings were constructed, and why they were constructed after their peculiar plan; stories of how various orders and designs and forms were developed; stories of the accomplishments of gods and men, and how particular buildings lent themselves to their perpetration. All are stories which have been built up and enlarged upon ever since building began. No one knows who first originated them. Like Topsy "they just grewed", and were spread by the people among whom they first appeared. Some of them were considered in ancient times to be true, and were disproved by later ages. Some were never thought of as even probable. And some are believed even in this "enlightened" generation where to call a man primitive is to insult him.

I do not propose to give a complete story of architecture in the manner that Gayley has treated of the classic myths. Such a work would be even more impossible than the stories with which it dealt. I intend merely to relate some of the most common of them so that we may see how legends have grown and connected themselves with every phase of

architecture all over the world. I shall choose an outstanding example of each type of story, drawing my material from all times.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us begin with a myth which concerns the architecture of the ancient world, that which developed about the palace of King Minos of Knossos. In pre-historic times, Minos was king of the island of Crete, and after the manner of kings had a palace constructed for himself, employing Daedalus as the architect. Crete, being a rather small island, was not able to raise enough food products to supply its needs, and so a great number of rooms for the storage of these food-stuffs were built into the palace. These rooms were connected by many and winding corridors. Whenever a stranger sought an audience with the king, he was led through the passageways into Minos's presence. In this way the man would get the impression of being in a maze.

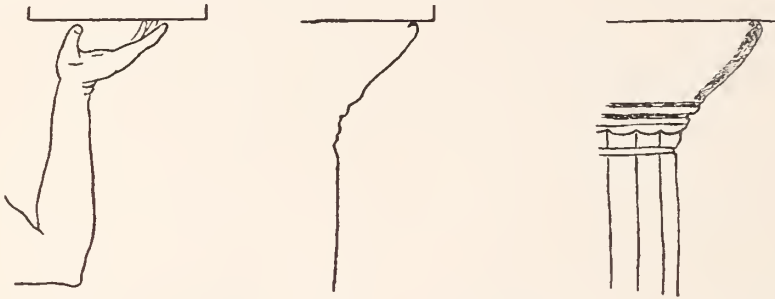
Due to the complexity of the plan and the impressions thus obtained from a visit, stories began to be circulated which finally developed into the myth of the Minotaur, whose home was the palace of old King Minos. Minos was himself purported to be immortal, being the son of Jupiter and Europa. When he died he was transported to Hades where he became one of the judges of the underworld. It is concerning his grandson, Minos II, that the myth is related.

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Minos II boasted that he could get anything that he wanted through prayer to the gods. He had but to pray and his prayer would be answered. In order to show his power in obtaining his wishes, he prayed for a bull to be used as a sacrifice to Neptune. The bull appeared, but it was such a beautiful animal that Minos refused to offer it as a sacrifice. This enraged Neptune who had sent the animal in answer to the prayer. He drove the bull wild and made Minos's wife, Pasiphae fall in love with it. The offspring of Pasiphae and the bull, a monster with a bull's head on the body of a man, terrorized Crete for a long time. At last a labyrinth was constructed in which he was imprisoned. No man was able to find his way out of the maze of passageways once he had gotten into

origin of the three architectural orders.

The Doric, most simple and masculine of the three, is said, according to the story, to have originated in this way:— A man, performing a feat of strength, was holding a huge stone slab over his head after the manner of a modern waiter carrying a tray. An architect who was watching the performance was impressed by the great strength exhibited in the hand and forearm of the man, and by the aesthetic beauty of the lines. The result of his observation was the production of the Doric column and capital. "The back of the hand forms the line of a beautifully refined echinus; at the junction of the wrist will be seen the outline of the fillets or annuli." The whole outline suggests the aesthetic quality of entasis.



it. It was upon such unfortunate beings that the Minotaur feasted. According to the myth, seven fine Athenian youths and seven maidens were sacrificed to the monster every year, until Theseus finally slaughtered it.

A whole series of stories concerning the sacrifices and the acts of the king form a chain of myth. The battle between Minos and Megara; the imprisonment of the first aeronauts, Daedalus and Icarus; and many other stories of the Minotaur have helped to enlarge this chain built around the palace of old King Minos II of Crete.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us turn now to Greece. Here we find three rather unusual stories as to the

At this great feat of strength, a woman sat upon her couch and looked on. Her elbow rested on the back of the couch, and she braced her chin with the back of her hand. This, too, was noted and used in the construction of the more delicate and feminine Ionic column. The entablature seems to rest upon the column rather than the column to hold up the entablature.

\* \* \* \* \*

The story of the origin of the Corinthian order is by far the most picturesque. It is that a little girl died and her mother placed a basket of her toys beside the grave. For protection from the elements, she covered the basket with a tile. In time, an Icanthus plant began to grow



## Legends and Architecture

beneath the basket and to push its way toward the sun light. As the leaves reached the tile they began to curl over, since they were not strong enough to lift it from its place. The architect, Callimachus, happened to pass by and saw the formation of the leaves with the tile apparently resting upon them. In this he saw a capital of an entirely new design. From this inspiration, he developed the Corinthian order.

These three stories are not of Greek origin. They were conceived in quite modern times, and show clearly how symbolism may be read into things where there was no symbolism intended. They illustrate the way in which the imagination, if allowed to play, can build up fanciful interpretations of anything under the sun. Just as a monk in his cell picks up a chestnut and says, "Here is a portrait of Christ. The outer covering is symbolic of the fleshly body, the wood-like shell represents the cross on which He died, and the inner meat is the spiritual body upon which the soul is fed." So in like manner, the imaginative mind is able to construct similar pictures of the meanings of architecture.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Rome the circular theatre of the Greeks was modified until it became almost semi-circular. Its development can easily be traced through the enlargement of the "skene", the widening of the "proscenium", and the addition of huge arched entrances. But here in Rome an entirely new type of theatre makes its appearance. The amphitheatre comes into being. Whence came this elongated bowl? The explanations are many, but there is one which, I feel, comes within the field of this article. The story is that two wooden theatres of the usual type were constructed on wheels or rollers. When the occasion arose where a larger enclosure was made necessary by the advent of

more strenuous entertainments, these two theatres were pushed into a position facing each other. The result was a huge oval enclosure. Then when a permanent amphitheatre was built of stone and concrete, it was constructed after this plan.

Unlike some of the other legends of architecture, this story does have a grain of possibility about it, for there did exist in Rome some wooden theatres. There was in force a law that no permanent theatre could be constructed within the walls of the city, so wooden ones became a necessity. The first permanent theatre was built by Pompey, who circumvented the law by calling his theatre a temple and dedicating it to Venus. Nevertheless, in spite of a vague possibility of truth, the story is highly improbable.

\* \* \* \* \*

Coming now to tenth century Germany, we find a very interesting legend connected with the building of the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. This cathedral, started in the time of Charlemagne, was but partly finished when the funds were exhausted. Those in charge of the finances were at a loss as to how to proceed. One day, as they were discussing the problem at a meeting, a stranger appeared in the room. He explained in a very mysterious manner that he could supply all of the money that was needed for the completion of the building. Astonished, the group asked how that were possible, and were told that the money would be forthcoming if they would promise that the first one to enter the cathedral on the day of its dedication should belong to him. The men knowing that it was indeed the Devil, at first drew back, but the Devil reasoned with them, asking whether it were not worth-while to sacrifice one soul for the saving of so many. They finally agreed, and the stranger disappeared up the chimney. Very soon several well-filled money sacks descend-

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ed the same chimney, and the work on the cathedral was continued.

When the cathedral was completed and the doors were thrown open for the dedication, no one would enter. A little priest suggested that they send a wolf in first, as the Devil had not stipulated that the first one must be a human being. A wolf which had been caught a few days before was loosed so that he ran into the church. The Devil, seeing that he had been cheated, choked the wolf to death, banged the door so hard that he split it, and vanished in a cloud of smoke. On the door a brass image of a wolf still remains.

In the thirteenth century in Germany, we find the Devil again playing a part in the building of a cathedral, this time at Cologne. The Archbishop decided to build a magnificent cathedral, and set about raising money for the purpose. When he had collected a vast sum, he appointed a very famous architect to draw the plans. This man, realising that here was his chance for more fame and glory, gave himself whole-heartedly to the task. So great were his ideas for a perfect building, however, that he did not seem to be able to translate them into drawings. For ten months he labored at his ideal, tearing up one drawing after another, until only three days remained before the plans must be submitted. Despairing, he went out into the stormy night and walked through a wood. He had not gone far when a flash of lightning splintered a tree beside him. From the tree stepped a figure which led him to a place of shelter. The poor man was almost beside himself, but after a few drinks from a flask which the stranger offered him, he began to be calm.

At length the stranger spoke and said, "You are seeking a plan for a cathedral. I have just what you want." With that, he unrolled a parchment upon which was

drawn the very plan which the architect had had in mind, but which he could not seem to draw. "You may have it," the stranger continued, "on one condition. You must sign this contract with a drop of your blood." The man realised then that it was the Devil, and that the contract called for his soul in exchange for the plans, but his desire for fame was so great that he signed the paper. The Devil gave him the plans and disappeared.

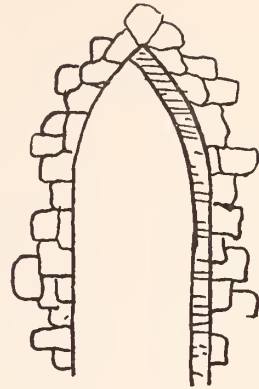
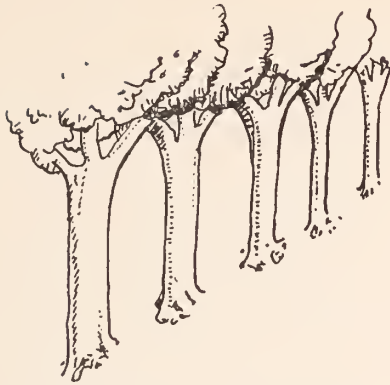
When the architect placed the plans before the Archbishop, he was delighted, and work was at once begun. The master was feted and his fame was spread abroad. As soon as the cathedral was well under way, a tablet inscribed with the architect's name, was placed on the wall. The poor man, however, did not enjoy his fame. His every thought was of the bargain he had made with the Devil, who sowed seeds of discontent among the workers. He was not allowed to finish his work, and at length, overcome by his grief, he died. On the same night, the tablet disappeared from the wall of the cathedral. Disputes increased to such an extent that work ceased altogether. It was not until many years later that it could be taken up again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Returning to stories of the origin of various architectural forms, we may consider two such which are connected with the development of the Gothic arch.

An architect was strolling through an orchard one day meditating upon the possibility of varying some phase of building design. He stopped in his walk, and sat him down on the grass to rest a while. Looking up, he saw the trees planted in regular rows, and noticed how the branches interlocked. "Here," thought he, "is the plan for a new kind of arch."

## Legends and Architecture



The further development of the flamboyant style is said to have originated when the flames of burning votive candles were noticed. The stand upon which the candles were placed was somewhat arch-shaped, and the tongues of flame formed a very pleasing pattern. These were added to the Gothic arch with the flamboyant result.

These stories can hardly be accepted as true even in view of the fact that no one has thus far been able to give a satisfactory explanation of how Gothic architecture originated. Probably the best theory, however, is that it was purely accidental.

\* \* \* \* \*

It seems right that I use as a last example of the legends of architecture, a story taken from Thann in Alsace, — not because Americans are particularly interested in Thann, nor because they show a very marked inclination toward Alsace, but because they live in a country where a bottle of good wine costs a great deal, and even then, it is against the law to buy it.

There is in Thann a tower, so the story goes, which was built in a time of draught. In spite of the scarcity of water, there was a superabundance of wine. So the mortar for the tower was mixed with wine instead of water. To this day, it is said, the walls exude a very pleasant substance, and some folks even go so far

as to add that at such times the bells in the tower sound much sweeter.

Of really modern architecture there are few legends, but who can say what the future may bring. For, while man has possibly made great advances in science, he is still a very superstitious creature, and will probably add a great deal to the store of legends and myths connected with buildings. If he should not, however, add supernatural yarns such as we find related well into the middle ages, he will undoubtedly advance some extremely imaginative explanations of the origin of the various architectural features employed at the present time. Is it not possible that a student, writing a paper similar to this in the year 2000, may say that a story tells how an architect, while walking in the grand canyon of the Colorado River, looked up and saw how the rock receded, and thus conceived the idea of the set-back skyscraper of twentieth century New York?

It is said that man is learning more and more of the great power of the mind. That he is becoming less ignorant as the years go by. This may be true, as it seems to be, but if it is, we may expect not less but even more imaginative stories than there have been in the past. For "the ignorant man looks, and sees the figures and understands nothing of their significance. But the wise man rises from

(Continued to Page 55)



# Woof! Woof!

by  
Kenneth K. Kost

**S**HE is not as great a dog as the heroes of Jack London's stories, nor as intelligent as Rin Tin Tin, nor as well known as a White House pet; but, nevertheless, all the neighbors know Peggy. Everyone who passes the house knows her because like most women she is very anxious to attract attention.

How can anyone miss seeing Peggy as she stands with her white nose pressed against the screen-door of the front porch? Every passer-by is eyed with suspicion. Any loud talking, any unusual movement, or any strange sight brings a deep growl from her throat. "Woof! Woof!" she barks; and as her excitement increases, she pivots up and down on her hind legs and the "woofs" become a series of short, snappy "woof, woof, woofs." Let an ambitious agent, a dutiful mailman, or an indigent beggar approach the porch, and Peggy will be ready to do her duty. Up and down before the door she leaps, higher and higher until at each leap her hind legs reach a mark, three feet or more above the floor. With her teeth bared, snarling and howling, "woo, woo, woo", and casting her heavy body against the reinforced door, she presents a picture of unbridled ferocity which very few people have the nerve to face. Most of them depart in a hurry before she goes through the screening as they are convinced she must. It is this display, which she puts on several times a day during the warm months of the year, that has added to her reputation as a "wicked brute". Even the meter man, because of a note, "bad dog," made in his note-book by a predecessor, refuses to enter the house until

Peggy is removed to other quarters or else is locked out in the yard.

Much of her bad reputation, however, is undeserved. Peggy is just a pet and has been ever since four years ago when at the age of six weeks she joined the family. As spoiled as any child of the same age would be among a family of "grown-ups", she has the run of the house. Certain appointed spots are hers by right, and woe betide any visitor who invades them. She eats the same food as her owners, and it is no uncommon thing for one of them to leave some delicacy, which he knows she likes, on his plate at mealtime. Her waddling shimmy as she walks through the house is abundant proof of good meals. But it cannot be denied that a dog which will eat about everything but onions is bound to get fat.

It is the dog's eating habits which attract everyone who gets to know her. Peggy never seems to tire of eating. Anything which will not burn her mouth such as onions, peppers, or similar sharp, biting foods, goes down her yapping mouth in prodigious quantities. Her intelligence, when it comes to eating, is remarkable. When eating corn on the cob, a great favorite of hers, she removes every kernel from the cob, but she always leaves the cob. It is the same with oranges, peaches, watermelons, and other similar foods; the edible portions are eaten, but the skins and pits remain. To most dogs, raw meat is a delicacy not to be sneezed at, but not so to Peggy. She prefers her meat either cooked or fried, if you please. All raw bones are buried even if she is forced to adopt the expe-



dient of placing them in a corner of the cellar and covering them with a bit of dust.

Peggy has two moods, a mean one when she isn't hungry and an humble one when she is. When she is hungry, a little child can hold a bone in her hand for Peggy to chew, and the dog will not become the least bit nasty. But once Peggy has the bone on the floor, the situation is changed entirely. At the least move which anyone makes toward the bone, the dog begins to growl. A farther advance toward the bone on the part of the intruder is enough to send the snarling Peggy at the throat of the courageous one.

In one respect for a pet dog, she is very peculiar. Peggy has an aversion to being petted. No one could pet her until she was over a year old without risking a snap from her powerful jaws. Now she will permit several privileged members of the family to rub her broad back; and on such occasions as when she is very hungry, she will permit to a stranger with food the same familiarity.

Perhaps, it is from watching agents or perhaps it is natural, because she is English, Peggy is one of the biggest bluffers whom I've ever met. Lions, tigers or tom cats are all the same to her as long as they are running away from her, but let them stop and that is another story. There was the case of the neighbor's tom cat who insisted upon using the yard, in which Peggy takes her daily exercise, for a public roadway. Every time he does this in Peggy's presence, she starts after him. I've seen her do this more than a score of times, and the procedure was always the same. As Peggy came tearing up at breakneck speed, the cat would sit down. The dog would skid to a sudden stop and sit down about five feet away from the cat. Without a move or a sound, they would sit and stare at each other. Sometimes they would remain in

that position for more than five minutes, but always it was the cat that would be the first to lose courage. With a sudden leap, he would start toward the fence. The dog, a little startled, would be slow in starting; so the cat always managed to cross the barrier safely. At times, the dog would get very close. On one occasion Peggy's hard head struck the part of the cat which goes over the fence last, and old Tom took an aerial trip for which he had not the least expectation or desire.

Peggy uses her bluff to a good advantage on many occasions, and by watching her, one soon learns how much she depends upon it. If she is upstairs when someone enters the house, she starts down the stairs as fast as she can go, barking all the while at the top of her lungs. If she does not hear anything when she arrives at the foot of the stairs, she stops. Then slowly, with her neck outstretched, she approaches the room, usually the kitchen, in which she believes the intruder to be concealed. Ready to run at the least suspicion of danger, she approaches until she can see or smell the intruder. If it is someone whom she knows, she will leap forward joyfully, but if it is a stranger, she will retreat growling and will start such a commotion that some member of the family is bound to investigate.

Though Peggy does not know when to cease eating, she does know when to retire. About 10:30 each evening, she will go to her night's resting-place on the landing of the cellar stairs. With vim and vigor, she arranges the bag on which she sleeps in a round, hard lump; then she "flops". When she was younger, if the family made too much noise and kept her awake, she would trot back up the stairs and approach the offenders. Bending her head from side to side, she would bark several times as if to say, "Can't you be quiet? Don't you know

(Continued to Page 54)

# For People Who Like Things —

The beer at Gyp Downeys, ten cents a glass . . . . . Toscannini and the N. Y. Philharmonic doing the second movement of Beethoven's Eroica, and Haydn's symphony in D Minor (the horn call) . . . . . The cowboy serials every Friday and Saturday at the State Theatre . . . . . Bradford's joke before the Money and Banking final . . . . . The first two parts of the biography of "Al Capone" . . . . . Page 268 of D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterly's Lover" . . . . . The gambling joint above the Superior Restaurant in Allentown, 12 until 1:30 a. m. and then the big crap game, with criminal characters . . . . . The censored pictures of the Library art exhibits in the art seminar room. . . . . The dean's comments on vocational schools, kindergartens, drinking gin, and yellow roadsters . . . . . Neil Carothers ballyhooing about nordic supremacy and his family slaves . . . . . The production of Von Suppe's "Boc-caccio" at the Metropolitan Opera House . . . . . Lion Feuchtwanger's latest book, "Success". It will take a week to read, but it's good . . . . . Fretz's geology field trips . . . . .

. . . . . The English Singers in their repertoire of motets, madrigals, and Christmas carols . . . . . The burlesk belly dancers every Monday night at the Lyric Theatre, Allentown . . . . . The view of the Steel Works at night from the toll bridge . . . . . "Julie" Booker doing "Mary had a little Lamb" on the clarinet . . . . . Jack Roberts, Endicott 0123, N. Y. C. three G's for five dollars, delivered to any spot in Manhattan within ten minutes . . . . . The aesthetic touch with which Doc. Bull and his cohorts prescribe the little brown pills . . . . .

The toasted peanut butter and baked ham sandwiches at Young's, Broad and Main . . . . . The cut for "What's Wrong with Bethlehem?" in this issue . . . . . Fraternity brothers tapping each other on Sword and Crescent field day in the Spring . . . . . Walking from Bethlehem to Allentown along the canal . . . . . The front page stuff on beer prohibited to students, but legal to the rest of the populace in the Bethlehem Globe-Times . . . . . T. Edgar Shields playing Bach on the chapel organ . . . . . The rat race at Mealey's, Thursday nights . . . . . Duke Ellington's Victor recording of "When a Black man's Blue," and "Indigo Mandy" . . . . .

Hell's Angels because it preaches pacifism and stars a "keen dame" . . . . . Walter Winchell's column in the Mirror . . . . . Coming in on the "bummer", and inhaling the Bethlehem invigorating climate . . . . . The Chesterfield movie reels of old-time pictures . . . . . Theatre Guild's "Queen Elizabeth". Just another Lynn Fontanne show-off . . . . . New York beer at the Holland Restaurant, 32nd Street between 5th Avenue and Madison. Also the Brauhaus, 52nd and Third Avenue . . . . . The corset ads in the Times Sunday rotogravure . . . . . Austie Tate holding up the K. of C. building from 6 p. m. to 7 p. m. Dancing with the chaperon at Cedarcrest (she's all right) . . . . . Frederick Schorr singing Wotan in "Die Walkure" . . . . . "On Forsyte Saga",

## With Henry David Thoreau

in which Galsworthy promises to wind up the Saga . . . . . The "Old Maid" monument in the graveyard across the river . . . . . D. H. Lawrence's "Women in Love," which proves why he wrote "Lady Chatterly's Lover" . . . . . Sinclair Lewis winning the Nobel Prize . . . . . Judge Clarke's decision that the 18th Amendment is illegal . . . . . The congregation of St. John the Divine shouting "Lynch him!" at Judge Lindsey . . . . .

—Hotshot . . . . .

# Sauntering Along the Old Marlborough Road with Henry David Thoreau

"If with fancy unfurled  
You leave your abode  
You may go round the world  
By the old Marlborough Road."

selections by  
Fay C. Bartlett

It requires a direct dispensation from heaven to become a walker  
The landscape painter uses the figures of men to mark a road.  
I believe in the forest, and in the meadow, and in the night in which the  
corn grows.  
Every sunset which I witness inspires me with a desire to go to a west as distinct and as fair as that in which the sun goes down.  
We are all sculptors and painters, and our materials is our own flesh and blood and bones.  
Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth.  
Our life is frittered away by detail.  
Life is but the stream I go a fishing in.  
Every path but your own is a path of fate.  
I have learned that the swiftest traveller is he that goes afoot.  
Nature is a personality so vast and universal that we have never seen one of her features.  
The most alive is the wildest.  
Think of the importance of Friendship in the education of man.  
It will make a man honest, it will make him a hero, it will make him a saint.  
The only danger in friendship is that it will end.  
The highest that we can attain is not knowledge but sympathy with knowledge.  
So we saunter toward the Holy Land 'til one day the sun will shine more brightly than he has done, perchance shine into minds and hearts and light up our whole lives with an awakening light as warm and serene and golden as on a bankside in Autumn.  
The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us, only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.  
Live your life, do your work, then take your hat.

# College Spirit and "Rah-rah-ism"

by  
R. C. Benson

PERHAPS the greatest stigma to the modern American college is the popular interpretation of the term "college spirit". College spirit is misunderstood, the expression is misused, and as a result the average collegian's entire outlook is sadly warped.

At Lehigh, "rah-rah-ism" is dying out. But the attitude is not yet in death-throes. We still go down to the flag-pole, yell ourselves hoarse, go to pep meetings and further abuse our voices "for the team", and then we find that the team was not even there to hear the cheers. Is this sensible?

When can the student body realize that it is not how much we cheer or whether we win or lose, but that it is how we play that counts?

After a man attends a college, lives, thinks and breathes that college, he comes to believe that his alma mater is just about the greatest place in the world, with the result that he desires to further the good name, fame, and greatness of his college. In all the athletic contests he is mentally playing the games himself "for the college". College spirit is a mental attitude of loyalty, not a demonstration.

I do not advocate the abolition of student cheering. By no means! But why not cheer with a rational motive behind it all. The men on the gridiron are working mighty hard, and heaven knows they get little out of it all. Cheering should be an expression of popular applause for

individuals. If a player heard a cheer for himself it would mean a lot more than if he just heard "three rahs and a ray for the team".

The old argument for pep meetings is that the session gets the student body into the correct frame of mind—a state of partial hysteria, by the way—to "cheer the team on to victory" on the following day. If we must have such meetings, why not have them just before the game with the team there ready to go out to meet their opponents?

Whole-hearted enthusiasm at athletic games is a wonderful thing. It adds to the enjoyment of the contest, and applauds the members of the team as they deserve. However, shouts of hate and abusive words of disapproval to our opponents is so asinine as to be unbelievable of college men. The belief to the effect of "our college right or wrong" and the application and forceful expression of that idea is a wretched mistake.

To play on a team at a college where you know that every student is heart and soul behind you and the team, is a situation as near perfect as possible. But having the student body go through a series of half-crazed antics, while shouting like a tribe of blood-thirsty redskins, is the height of senselessness and absurdity.

A football game after all isn't a life and death affair. Without a doubt, football is the biggest business in intercolle-



## College Spirit and Rah-Rah-Ism

giate relationship, but it was never meant to be so. Football is a sport. Everyone who is playing football, or any other game, ought to be playing for the enjoyment and pleasure which he derives from the game. The athlete should be, and to my mind always is, playing for himself. The old cry, "I'd die for Dear Old Lehigh," is pure bunk. A quarterback ought to be playing for the joy in the game and not to provide a Roman circus for a crowd of yelling and half-inebriated spectators.

Sports are for the students, not for a college advertisement. Of course, we want to win all the games! Each of us would do most anything to help. But, if we do lose a game, why make a public scene of bad taste, manners and sportsmanship by calling our opponents insulting names and even fighting, or raiding our opponents' campus—"to get even." What we need in colleges is, more amateurism and less noise, "whooping it up for the school" or "rah-rah-ism". Call it what you will.

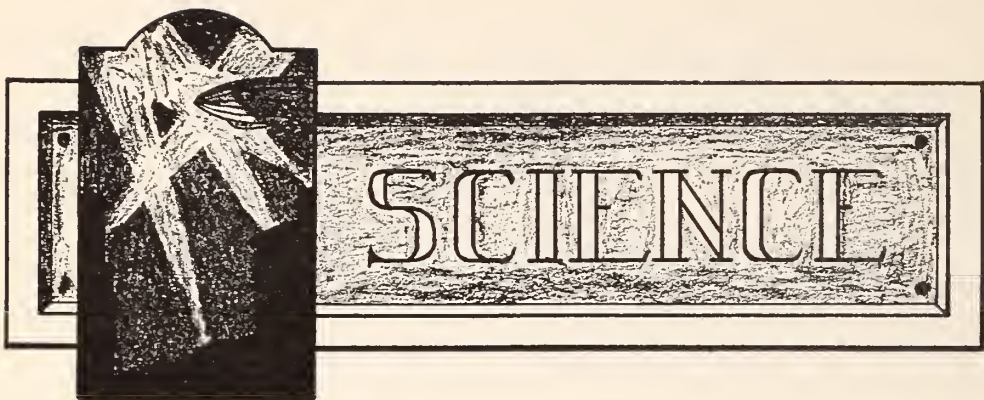
Woodrow Wilson, when president of Princeton University, said, "In American colleges the main tent is too often overshadowed by the sideshows."

Our games are too serious, and the spectators only exaggerate the difficulty by wild enthusiasm. But happily, the situation is righting itself. And, as William J. Brigham, director of athletics at Harvard, recently said, "We are getting away from the too serious side of intercollegiate athletics. Mass meetings have become obsolete, and I hope we shall never return to these archaic customs."

Let us be to a man behind Lehigh, and do all we can to increase her fame, but let us remember that we are in athletics for the enjoyment of each man who is playing. Play the game for the game, and the spectacle be damned.

Let us back the team with real enthusiasm, but as for the noise and foolish demonstration—let's be sensible!





## What the Railway Industry Expects of the Technical Schools

by

L. Warrington Baldwin

Mr. Baldwin graduated from Lehigh in '96 with the C. E. degree.

He is now president of the Missouri Pacific Lines and an authority on his chosen topic.

THE technical school always has been the major influence in the development of scientific research and in the application of its results to railway service. This will be understood when it is recalled that the railways of to-day, at least the larger ones with great diversity in their activities, are buying and are using almost every known class of industrial product.

They buy material ranging from pins to giant locomotives. They consume, in their operations, everything that nature provides for the sustenance of man. They utilize practically every kind of mineral from cosmetics to iron. They apply to the various classes of service electricity, gas, oil, coal, and every other source of power.

In every known branch of industry railways have direct interest because of this unusual and extensive utilization of the

products of technical research; the measure of their relationship to the whole plan of technical education is definite and extensive.

That situation will not change substantially as the industrial structure of this country enlarges and speeds up in its process. It may change somewhat in its form because industrial companies are expanding their engineering and research departments more and more, and are selling the product of these departments with their finished article. This may reduce the magnitude of research work necessary on the part of railways, but this in no way minimizes the interest that the railways have in technical advancement. The railways cannot provide all of the facilities for research needed for their own problems of development.

For many years, and with no abatement of interest, the railways have car-

## What the Railway Industry Expects of the Technical Schools

ried on, in a co-operative manner, extensive experimental work at several of the largest technical institutions in connection with roadway and equipment problems.

Outstanding examples of this are the extensive activities of the Committee on Stresses in Track of the American Railway Engineering Association, assisted by the valuable co-operation of the University of Illinois. A large amount of experimental work is being done by the American Railway Association at Purdue University, related to equipment devices, locomotive design, service, and numerous other mechanical problems; and other instances may be mentioned of similar activities which serve to join the railways with the technical school in a closer contact and with greater interest.

As a further indication of that interest in technical education, within the past five years the American Railway Engineering Association formed a committee of its membership for the purpose of maintaining a closer contact with technical schools, the idea being to develop to a greater extent the needs of railways as a guide to the best and most practical things for the student and for the school, so that the student will be better prepared to enter railway service. This latter plan has resulted in a very fine reaction from the technical school.

These things are preliminary to discussing what I understand to be the question: "What the Railway Industry Expects of the Technical Schools."

The railways have two principal functions to perform as a part of the great national industrial machinery:

First is the function of a developer and creator, and an aid in expanding the use of national resources.

Second is the function of a service vehicle to perpetuate such use.

As such functionaries, the railways must expand and improve and, in so doing, they must share in the problems and the benefits which come from progressive efficiency in all industry.

They, as a part of the great industrial machine, will experience many of the same economic stresses which go with industrial and economic growth, plus the stresses that go with an increasing disposition on the part of regulatory agencies to control their actions, which agencies do not usually operate with a full realization of the proper balance between economic and political forms.

If technical progress is necessary for general industrial growth, it is necessary for the development of the railways, for they cannot be separated.

If the foregoing observation is correct, then the railways need good technical schools and will require, for railway growth, the same progressive policies in curricula and methods of organization and operation that characterize industry; and, in passing, let me call attention to the fact that industrial growth has been extremely rapid since the beginning of the War in 1914; this, in my opinion, marked the beginning of the greatest industrial period the world has ever seen, both in magnitude and in relative value to all America.

The technical school to-day is essentially an industry; you may call it a foundry, melting and molding a material which we designate as a student mind into a crystallized and permanent thing we call a matured mind.

You may call it a builder shaping into a permanent structure of many parts the various things we call research and the application of the products thereof.

You may call it the creation of an asset we call capital; a salable article or



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medium of exchange, coined from the ore of natural and able mentality and offered for a circulating medium which, if the ore be good and the alloys strong, will not depreciate by usage.

In any of these similes the function is that of an industry, and upon that assumption the successful school will be the one which keeps in mind some of the fundamentals of industrial problems in working out its plans of organization and operation; at least it should acquaint itself with such as will help the student to learn something of them.

The technical school cannot turn out a fully equipped manager, executive, or subordinate, and industry does not expect that, but it does expect something that can be more easily and more effectively shaped by the tools of experience than is possible from the uneducated or partially prepared individual. It can indicate with increasing definiteness in its curricula some of the fundamentals of business economics. It can outline with increasing importance the value of business ethics. It can give a groundwork in business laws in some degree, although of necessity with superficiality.

If the product of technical schools is to be a factor of increasing value to industry it will have to insure in its operations the same progressiveness that characterizes industry; this is foremost in importance and cannot be overestimated.

The railways will expect the technical school to keep informed as to the application of the results of research to its own operations and necessities. **They will expect the technical school to realize that quality rather than quantity production is the fundamental requirement and that the standards of scholastic attainment should not be lowered.**

All industry desires, I believe, to show

a decided interest in the plan of technical school operation. That interest will depend on the degree of aggressiveness and progressiveness that the school shows.

Any instrumentality that is created for production will exist and prosper only to the extent that it takes pride in its product. This is an axiom of successful technical school service.

Industry will scrutinize more and more carefully the machinery and operation of technical schools.

Great care must be used in outlining a course of study for young men looking toward the occupancy of executive positions. They should not be given the idea that a course of study alone will fit them for such positions any more than will a course in art insure that the student will become a great painter, or a course in literature create a renowned author or historian.

The quality of leadership also must be inherent to the individual himself, and, even with one so gifted, it can be only by persistent and careful application to the every-day work and the acquirement of a clear understanding of the details of a particular line of endeavor that an opportunity is secured to occupy first, minor, and, eventually, the higher executive positions.

It is possible that the engineering courses in technical schools might be so arranged that the student could receive, within the same length of time, a broader general education which would be of great value in his future business life; however, with the present system I believe that engineers, in comparison with their number, hold as many executive positions as do men educated in other professions.

Executives for the higher positions are not produced by college training and edu-



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cation alone, but by such education and training supplemented by experience and training in the business itself.

With this in mind, the student should first be thoroughly grounded in the underlying fundamental engineering studies, to the end that he will acquire an intelligent understanding of them and be able to apply, to the best advantage, the knowledge thus acquired in the problems which will confront him in his business life.

**The student should receive a sound training in the use of the English language so that he will be able to express his thoughts clearly and concisely,** not only in writing but also in speaking. It has been my observation that many engineers express themselves with difficulty, particularly when attempting to address an assemblage of any size or to speak in public.

The education of the engineer also should include the upbuilding of character, **for men who are to be in responsible charge of large affairs must be men of high character** and this will naturally have its effect on the kind of men they employ and place in responsible positions.

The character of the men at the top is reflected in the quality of service rendered the public and the relations with other companies and individuals.

The student should have impressed upon him the fundamental necessity of facing real facts and of making his decision based upon them; always to avoid letting sentiment or a preconceived idea influence his interpretation of the meaning of the real facts, or to be influenced by a set of alleged or partial list of facts to support a position which may be entirely erroneous.

**The engineering student should pursue a course in the fundamentals of modern**

**accounting and statistical methods,** as it is becoming more and more essential in the railway world to have the accounting for revenues and expenditures kept in such form that they will reflect the true condition of the business as well as to give necessary information regarding current costs of operation.

**There is a human element in all business, and the student therefore should be encouraged to study human nature,** as it unfolds itself to him in the school as well as in his contacts with the outside world, to the end that he may instinctively become a good judge of men and, coincident therewith, merit their respect and good will through the influence of his own fairness and sympathetic consideration of their problems.

It should further be impressed upon the student that his diploma is not a magic wand which will open to him the door to success but that after graduation and the securing of a "job", and not a "position", as a start, his progress thereafter is almost entirely dependent upon himself, except as it may be modified by fortune or misfortune.

In this connection, I am firmly of the opinion that, with the natural advantage of good health, any person can achieve or accomplish any reasonable ambition, provided he or she is willing to make the necessary sacrifices. Young men in technical schools must be made to realize and always remember that anything worth having is worth working for, and that nothing of consequence can be obtained except as a reward for work and sacrifice.

These thoughts are expressed with some hesitation on my part, as many minds have, for many years, been working on the subject of engineering courses in the technical schools; and, in general, the men thus educated will compare fa-

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vorably in their attainments with those in other professions.

Many engineers, with the qualities and education outlined herein, have found profit and enjoyment in life by following purely technical or scientific work and, not infrequently, their accomplishments have had a large part in the advancement of civilization. Others have these same qualifications have entered the field of industry as engineering salesmen, commercial or research engineers to their own profit and that of the business world.

The fact is that the education and qualifications of the engineer, who will make a successful executive, are not lost in one who follows some specific branch of that profession, or who occupies a position seemingly quite far removed from engineering, as such.

Industry will always be inclined to give financial support to technical schools, in some degree, because it is doubtful whether under existing political and economic conditions, which will not quickly change, such schools can hope to rely entirely on

public funds and sentimental endowment, and some support will be necessary from industry. That support will be based entirely on definite and obvious indications of progressive policies and refinement in its graduate product.

As I see it, **the technical school should train young men to become clear and logical thinkers**, controlled by common sense, and to attain the capacity for exactness of method, correct analysis, and educate them in the fundamental principles of natural laws and economics and their application to human requirements, to face the facts in any situation and be guided by them; to write and speak clearly and correctly; and to develop that character and integrity without which all other education is lost.

In conclusion, I believe we may say that "industry" expects the technical schools to provide willing and ambitious young men, with sound, solid foundation of fundamental economics; to teach them how to "think rightly", and inspire them to a life of maximum usefulness and service to humanity.



# A Character Study of a Romantic Lover — Cyrano de Bergerac

by  
Robert M. Earl

**B**EFORE attempting to analyze the character of Cyrano, it would be well to get a glimpse of the background that the author, Edmond Rostand, used to aid him in the building up of the principle rôle. In the first place the play was written for the stage with the actor, Constant Coquelin, in mind for the principal part. Coquelin, one of the greatest comedians of all time, wanted a play that would give him an opportunity to display all of his talents. He wanted a play in which he could be humorous, witty, satirical, grotesque, poetic, a lover, and finally one in which he could die. Rostand wrote the play with all these things in mind, with the help of this versatile actor, Coquelin.

In the second place, Rostand had the historical character of Cyrano to aid him. Like most authors, Rostand did not hold to the authenticity of the original character, but altered some minor details to suit his purpose. The original Cyrano was born in Paris, not in Bergerac, in 1619, and led the same soldier-poet type of life as did the fictitious character. The real Cyrano had an extremely large nose, was learned and witty, and actually put to flight the hired assassins at the Porte de Nesle as described in the play. However, there is no mention of the former Cyrano's unselfish love of Roxane.

If, after reading this play, the reader were asked to give the first thing that came to his mind in regard to the entire play, undoubtedly he would mention Cyrano's nose. The fact that a man with

an almost faultless character should be held down because of physical self-consciousness, adds the note of pathos to the play. It is most fortunate that the reader is continually reminded of this inferiority complex; otherwise the man would not seem human. Someone has said that the play was built up around this nose; this is very true, for without the nose and the psychological effects that it produced, the emotions experienced by Cyrano could not be felt vicariously by the reader. A good deal of the interest of the play is due to the sharp contrast between his fine, inner qualities and the one physical blemish.

With the historical Cyrano as a guide, and Coquelin as a living model, Rostand developed a real man of action that is worthy of admiration from the moment he is first seen upon the stage as a man who is willing to back his words by actions without fear of public opinion. The fact that he repaid the management of the theatre for the money they would have lost by his stopping the performance, shows that he wished to be entirely just with everyone and thus he wins approval from the start. His duel in verse with Valvert is, of course, absurdly fantastical, but it can be seen immediately that he is a poet and fighter far above the average. By the time the duel is over, the reader has seen enough of Cyrano to realize that he is extremely quick-witted, fearless, a true leader and poet with but one sensitive point — his nose.

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Each incident that takes place as the play progresses serves only to present to the reader a most admirable man. Almost unconsciously we, the readers, find ourselves in the same situations in which the hero finds himself, and before we realize it, we are thinking exactly as he does. If we condemn him for his foolhardiness in the single-handed attack upon the hundred assassins of the Ponte Nesle, we only glory the more in his complete victory. If we think him foolish to try to avoid publicity when it might help him to some of the advantages that would be open to him, we admire him for his intention to be an entirely self-made man. If we shudder for him because of his policy of making enemies rather than friends, we can but smile and say that he is only as proud and bitter as we would be ourselves if the beautiful lady with whom we were madly in love, loved another man.

Cyrano has a great love for beauty and the soul of a poet with which to express this beauty in words. His love for the beautiful is only accentuated by his extreme self-consciousness in regard to his grotesque nose. He admits that he considers the drunkard, Lignière, a friend because this man one day "did a very pretty thing: coming out from mass he saw his sweetheart take some holy water according to the custom, and he who runs away from water hastened to the basin, bent over it, and drank it every drop!" Cyrano always takes great delight in a beautiful gesture or action. In fact it is this love of the beautiful that has much to do with his attractions to Roxane.

One of the things that is most to be admired in Cyrano is his consistency of character. Throughout his entire life he is haughty and steadfast in his resolve to live up to his ideals without compromise. The play, and consequently Cyrano's life itself, seems to be divided into three parts. In the first act, Cyrano makes a

statement of his aim and ideal, the second third and fourth acts serve as a test, and the fifth act shows the consummation of this ideal.

After Cyrano has fought his duel in verse with Valvert in the theatre and made a number of enemies among the aristocrats, Le Brit asks him for his plan of action. To this Cyrano answers, "I have decided to be worthy of admiration in all things for all!" There is a world of resolution embodied in this one small statement of an aim that taxes even that steadfast character of Cyrano to live up to it. That very statement of his resolution makes him worthy of admiration from the start.

In the second act the hero begins to meet situations which put his resolution to the test. He is tempted to sacrifice Christian in order to attempt to win Roxane for himself. He has an opportunity to take, as a protector and patron, the wealthy and powerful Comte de Guiche, but this he declines without hesitation. He has an opportunity to have his plays produced if he will submit to alterations by Richelieu. However, in all these preliminary tests, Cyrano remains true to his convictions.

In the third and fourth acts the trials become more severe: Cyrano helps Christian in the balcony love-scene and even goes so far as to plead for Roxane's love while pretending to be Christian. He takes great trouble to keep de Guiche from interfering with the marriage of Roxane and Christian. This is undoubtedly the greatest trial of all up to this point. All this time he realizes that Christian is much the inferior man, that he is madly in love with Roxane himself, and that it is really his character and merely Christian's face that she loves. While Cyrano and Christian are away at the siege of Arras, Cyrano daily writes to Roxane in Christian's name and risks his life to post the letters. Even after the



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death of Christian, he keeps faith with Christian by refusing to betray his true feelings for Roxane.

The final act, fifteen years later, shows this same man broken in health, poverty-stricken, and with very few friends, clinging to the same ideals he had all through life. All the self-sacrifices that he has made during his career have served only to strengthen his uncompromising attitude. As far as the world is concerned, he has been a total failure. As Cyrano says himself, "I have failed in everything, even in death." Nevertheless, he fought the hardest kind of battle possible, the inner battle to be true to his convictions, and actually won his "plume".

This word *plume*, which is a translation of the French word *panache*, is the key-note in Cyrano's character. Unfortunately, the drama loses some of its effect through translation because this essential quality has no English equivalent. *Le panache* has both a literal as well as a figurative meaning. Literally it refers to the plume waving above the head-gear of the soldier. Figuratively, it is a kind

of inborn quality which adds a dash of color to an already beautiful character. Translating directly from the French of Rostand's "Discours" on being inducted into the French Academy, he said, "Le panache is not grandeur, but something which is added to grandeur and which moves about it, it is something winged, fantastic, and a little decorative. It is courage dominating the situation to the point where it becomes courage itself. . . . Surely heroes without 'panache' are more disinteresting than others, for the 'panache' is often, in the sacrifice made, a consolatory attitude which one assumes."

It can be seen at a glance that Cyrano had this dash of color, this kind of grandeur, this "panache" despite everything. In one of his last speeches, Cyrano says that they have taken his laurel and his rose but not his plume. The laurel is symbolic of victory, and the rose is the symbol of beauty, the fruits of which he had been denied. Nevertheless, just as Cyrano says, they could not rob him of that finest of qualities, his plume.

## Crushed Yellow Rose

by  
William Port

THE THIN, taut-looking man stared down pityingly at the pain-ridden face of his wife. Curious, he thought dully, that although he had shot her only a half day ago, he could feel only pity for her, and not remorse.

He looked absently at the other three occupants of the narrow hospital room—the police detective, who had accompanied him from the city jail, the doctor, and the nurse. He wondered why they were so kind to him, why they didn't look at

him accusingly every time a gasp for breath—and life, filled the room.

Suddenly the sound ceased, and the drawn face on the pillow relaxed into immobility. The doctor peered at it narrowly for a moment, then turned to the husband and slowly, significantly shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dietrich," he said quietly, "she's going."

Margaret going? Margaret dying? Margaret, who had always been so ra-

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diantly full of life? Who had, by that vibrant force of hers, tortured him into loving her, tortured him into hating her?

Dietrich had first met her at a fraternity dance during his senior year in college. He had been enamoured by the sensuousness of her blond beauty. "She's like a yellow rose," he had thought, "all unfolded to catch every bit of sunshine."

When he told her that she reminded him of a yellow rose, she chuckled, "Oooh, thank you!" in such an amazing contralto voice, that he immediately asked when he might see her again.

During their "date" he sensed a feeling in her of coolness and indifference toward him, and she allowed him only one kiss, and that a very prim one, at the end of the evening. Believing that he was distasteful to her, he never asked her to go out with him again, and, in the course of the next six years, managed to forget both her first and last names.

So, when he saw her striding toward him on a crowded Philadelphia street six years later, he planted himself in front of her and said, smiling, "Hello, yellow rose."

"Hello! I'm **awfully** glad to see you again!"

In ten minutes each learned that the other was not married or engaged, relearned each other's first names, and agreed on a suitable place for luncheon.

After they had been married for two years, he began to sense a growing coolness in his wife, and he remembered that it was similar to the feeling that he had during their first "date". Finally, in a restaurant, he saw her lunching with an-

other man. Keeping out of Margaret's range of vision, Dietrich noted, agonizedly noted, that she was giving to this man all the warmth of her smiles and voice that she had lately kept from him.

In the evening he confronted Margaret with what he had seen. She denied nothing, but said, "I want a divorce; I loved this man two years ago, when I married you; he threw me over, so I married you to get even."

He shot her then, in the madness of his sudden hatred for her. But, God knew, he had not meant to do it! One should not trample on beauty, one should not crush yellow roses!

He realized, at last, in awful clarity, that he had not committed murder because of hatred, but because of love. He had flourished the revolver in front of Margaret, because, subconsciously, he had wanted to frighten her into coming back to him, weak, ineffectual creature though he was.

"Dying, doctor? But will she regain consciousness? I want to tell her something."

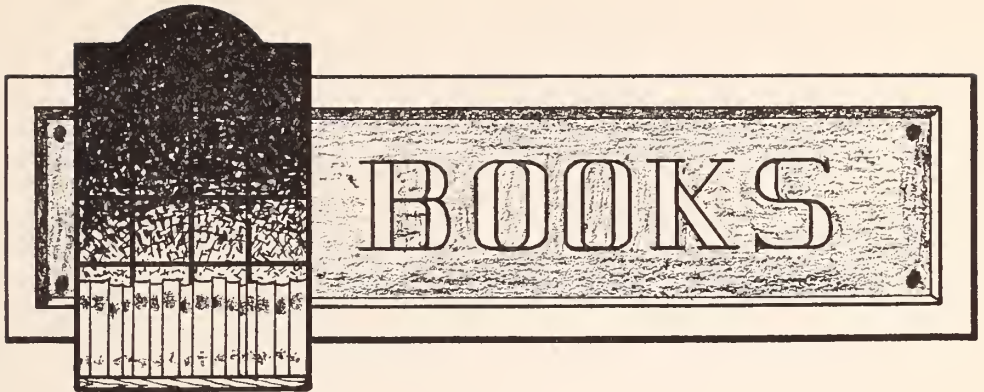
Yes, I think so. Now! Speak to her now!"

Margaret was fumbling at life again. Slowly her eyes focussed on Dietrich, and she recognized him.

"I'm sorry, Margaret. Can you hear me, Margaret?"

A cold gleam of repugnance was in her eyes.

"You poor fool!" she whispered brokenly, and died.



## The Torrents of Spring

by Ernest Hemingway

This opus is listed as a parody. We catch the author in a farcical, amusingly drunk mood, and the result is a pointless mess of beer froth. The whole affair reminds me of a Marx Brothers act—funny as Hell, but on cool analysis “Gopher Feathers”.

The scene is laid in Michigan, a chinook breeze is blowing and this seems to cause the characters a world of difficulty. Yogi Johnson, Scripps O’Neil, Mrs. O’Neil (Scripps’s second wife, from the “Best by Test” Beanery), and Scripps’s little bird, soon christened “Ariel”, are the characters of interest. The love of Scripps and his new wife is a theme in this story. She is at best a sad woman, who reads the “Manchester Guardian,” “The American Mercury,” and “The Dial,” in a frantic effort to hold her literary-minded husband. Here is a sample of their passion.

“Tears came into Scripps’s eyes. Something within him stirred. He reached to take the elderly waitress’s hand and with quiet dignity she laid it within his own. ‘You are my woman,’ he said. Tears came into his eyes, ‘You are my man,’ she said.

‘Once again I say you are my woman.’ Scripps pronounced the words solemnly. Something had broken inside of him again. He felt that he could not keep from crying.”

The above is a good example of the general tenor of the piece. Mr. Hemingway further improves it with some confidential chats between the author and the reader. The tale ends when Mr. Dos Passos rudely interrupts the writer and takes him out to lunch. They return rather “boiled” and Dos Passos exclaims: “Hemingway, you have wrought a masterpiece.” Here is a sombre chap proving himself, very pleasantly, a rather cheerful fellow. It’s a great relief.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Twenty-four Hours

by Louis Bromfield

There are many things wrong with this novel, yet it is quite entertaining. There is nothing original about writing a story which carries the reader through twenty-four hours of the sex and social life of nine important characters, and numerous minor ones who grace Bromfield’s pages merely to make the incidents intertwine



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more complexly. The factor of coincidence is positively appalling. A woman is killed by her dope-fiend ex-husband in a Murray Hill apartment. A millionaire stock-broker on his way to propose marriage witnesses the woman in question, about an hour before the event helping a drunken, rouéish Park Avenue sportsman into her apartment. The roue is the husband of the woman the millionaire stock-broker has thrown out of his sex life for the future fiancé. The other five characters have either heard the death-scream or have had husbands and mistresses who have. Then too there is an obvious attempt at suspense by the author at the end of each chapter as he breaks off in the middle of an incident of one pair of characters and begins on another duo. Thus by rotating in his unfolding of about six individual plots all again involved in the murder, he finishes off four hundred and fifty-two pages and the day ends.

Yet, Bromfield is a master hand at cool calculating characterizations. He plays with a Murray Hill setting and actually makes it real. And there is suspense at the end of each chapter.

"People would come to the theatre in droves to see her just because she was married, as lewd old women came to weddings, and those first trying days after an opening would be tided over. While she was thinking all this, her small pretty mouth was fixed in a charming smile, the lips slightly parted the way they were parted in the third act when she was enacting "tender interest" while Mervyn made love to her and her thoughts wandered to speculations of the visibility from the front of the spot on her gown."

"Back again in the smelly night club, she found her way blocked by dancers who had overflowed the floor, and she

thought idly what fools they were and how half-witted they were to put these contortions in a subway atmosphere under the head of pleasure, and idly and regretfully she wondered if any of them in the stuffy room had ever known the depths of real pleasure. Most of them, she thought, didn't even guess what passion might be. They took it out in pinching and pawing, especially the sickly, white, fat old men."

"Hector Champion was seventy-one and soft with a white and pink complexion that seemed unnatural and a little ghastly in a man so old. His short body was grotesque and unwieldy and still capable of inspiring repulsion in those who had not grown used to its peculiar ugliness. The image reflected in the mirror was that of a round, rather shapeless face with a small mouth and two small pale-blue eyes that were malicious, feminine, and rather like the eyes of a china cat. Feature by feature he was not an ugly man. The repulsion lingered just beneath the surface, shining out of the too pale eyes lurking in the puckered corners of the tiny mouth and in the folds of fat beneath the small ears. It was the face of a timid and unsatisfied sensualist."

\* \* \* \* \*

### In Search of America

— Hazard —

This would make a good college textbook. It is a well-arranged collection of fairly typical examples of contemporary American Literature. The material is well chosen and nicely put together, but the Western local color is over-emphasized, probably because the author is a Westerner. It is fairly representative of everything except the very new movements—why should Greenwich Village be omitted? Unfortunately, the author evinces no sense of humor and attempts no ex-



planation of the articles she has put in the book. The section of biography is the best, and the section of criticism is the dryest.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Rezanov

— Gertrude Atherton —

The warmth of Castile pervades the air of this old California novel — California roses combined with Spanish mantillas. As a romance of love and beauty it deserves a high place. The character of Rezanov is vividly and picturesquely delineated, although that of Concha is somewhat exaggerated and out of drawing. The romanticism of the time is carefully infused into the character, the settings, and the very wording of the story. It is worth a second reading. The background of the squabbles of trading companies seems authentic to me, from the little I know of that period of history.

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Cream of the Jest

— Cabell —

Kennaston, a pudgy author, finds an odd broken piece of metal which he calls

the sigil of Scoteia. Through its help, he is able to escape from this fleshly world to a dream world, where Ettare, whom he had created the heroine, wanders, through all ages. Ettare, "whatever flesh she may wear as a garment," is the beloved woman. In his dreaming, he may in no way touch her, or the dream disappears. He finds his commonplace wife, unexpectedly, has the other half the of sigil, and therefore is the flesh and blood of the dream woman, Ettare. There is the romantic stranger hidden under every ordinary and commonplace garment of flesh.

The tale is told in clear and clever language which adds to the story. It would probably be better without the natural explanation of the mystical. The characters are very true to life.

The cream of the jest is that we walk with strangers all our lives, that if we could break the routine we would know the romanticism of our wives and neighbors, their dreaming and their ideals. And the dream cannot be told, as Kathleen dared not explain the sigil, lest the teller be thought insane by the wise ones of the world — who can see no farther than the ends of their noses. We are all barred from one another by opaque mystery.



## Shakespeare Anew

by  
Sidney R. Snitkin

ON December 31, 1930, Fritz Leiber and his Shakespearean Repertory Players enacted probably the greatest of all Shakespeare's tragedies, "King Lear." His performance was enthusiastically greeted and he was forced to take eight curtain calls. This seems ample evidence that there is much in Lear that is still suitable for stage production.

Fritz Leiber takes the part of the imperious, foolish, old man Lear. His performance on the whole is very creditable, in fact it sometimes reaches great heights of emotional intensity.

Scene 1, Act I, takes place in Lear's palace. The opening scene shows Edmund, Gloster and Kent on the stage. Then Lear enters with his retinue. At this point Leiber speaks in a rather immature voice, mouthing his words distinctly. (Here his acting was at its lowest ebb.) Lear then desires to divide his kingdom according to the love his daughters bear him. Goneril and Regan veil their true feelings and flatter the king's ego. However, Cordelia is unable to speak. Perhaps she is taken aback by the bald-faced lies of her sisters. She

gives the impression that she does not have the fulsome flattery at her command which her sisters had poured forth before her. She also shows an impetuosity and obstinacy inherited from Lear. Then finally Cordelia realizes her mistake and tries to make amends. She attempts to rationalize her love and contrast it with that of her sisters. Kent tries to make Lear see his mistake before it is too late. This brings a great quarrel on the stage between the two personalities. Nevertheless, Kent speaks his mind fearlessly to the king. This sows the seeds for his subsequent actions and accounts for his blunt manner of speech in his later rôle.

Scene 2, Act I, takes place at a Hall in Gloster's House. Edmund is already contriving to gain his brother's patrimony. In our first glimpse of him, Edgar is depicted as a stupid, effeminate youth. Edmund is the opportunist, while Gloster is a credulous, yet considerate and loyal old man.

Scene 3 takes place before Albany's castle. This scene shows Kent meeting Lear. Kent turns in a splendid performance as a fine, blunt, faithful vassal. The fool is very clever and acts as a splendid

## Shakespeare Anew

foil for Lear. His remarks are very pointed at times, but he manages to get off quite well by breaking into song and witicism. It is in this scene that Lear first begins to realize he has made a mistake. Kent is sent to Regan whom he finds at Gloster's castle. There he is placed in the stocks for his insolent behavior. Lear presages his madness and implores heaven not to permit him to lose his sanity. This illustrates Shakespeare's use of tragic irony. His daughters have clearly shown that he is not wanted in their homes, and their excuse of an excessive retinue of attendants is offered merely as a pretext. Albany is an influence for good, but he is too much in love with Goneril, at this point.

During the storm scene on the heath, Lear seems to brave the tempest. The passion which is raging within him is as fierce as the terrific storm of nature. When all his wrath is spent he becomes subdued. He calls on heaven to grant him patience to endure. The storm may be the primitive in man crying for expression, and finding it in nature alone.

The next scene on the heath is an effective one. The fool and Kent are trying to get Lear into a shelter. Then Edgar, disguised as Mad Tom, runs out and delays the proceedings. Lear here becomes actually mad and calls Edgar, the pseudo-lunatic, a philosopher and a wise man. One feels that the roots of his madness lie embedded in filial ingratitude.

The world has now become a chaos to Lear; it seems completely disrupted. The very elements seem to be torturing and conspiring against him. Goodness and moral order are for him effaced from the earth. Lear tells Gloster that he has not had so much trouble from Edmund whom he begot illegitimately as he has had from daughters "gotten betwixt lawful sheets." He feels that Justice has become a thief. However, he becomes calm and submissive, stoic and ready to meet

what may.

The production ends with Lear dying over the body of his hanged daughter. Leiber leaves no doubt that the disputed passage "my poor fool is hanged" applies to Cordelia, rather than to the court jester, whose fate we can only surmise. Albany has changed when he learns of Cordelia's landing with French troops, and leaves Goneril's influence.

Leiber cuts the play in a very butcher-like fashion. Consequently many of the delicate dramatic shadings are lacking in his presentation. Shakespeare's contrast of Regan and Goneril is inadequately rendered. The minor characters are, too, for the most part, all underdone. They are tolerated only to the extent that they contribute toward the creation of the superfigure of Lear. There is little attempt to portray the purification and development of Lear's character as was intended by Shakespeare. Leiber presents Lear as a pathetic figure to whom all our sympathies go out. We do not feel that the petulant old man is going through a regeneration; for despite his faults Lear does possess noble possibilities which require adversity for their development. But as Leiber plays it Lear gains our sympathy as an old man "more sinned against than sinning"; while Shakespeare would have us ultimately respect Lear because the misfortune he has suffered has resulted in a complete metamorphosis of character.

The play is beset with difficulties in production, yet it can be successfully staged as was proven by Leiber. The audience was far from bored and was extremely silent. One or two of the scenes were of such terrifying grandeur that people were gasping for breath. It is a marvellous tribute to that old "Master of Avon" that after so long a passage of time, his most difficult play is enacted and few modern plays can approach its tremendous appeal.



**Phi Beta Kappa Nonsense**

from  
page 14

which ninety-nine percent of humanity lives.

Is it then a real honor to belong to Phi Beta Kappa—to know that four years of college have brought you an accumulation of information which can only be duplicated in a few sets of encyclopedias and reference books—easily accessible to anyone who may have forgotten the facts or never bothered to learn them? **Ultimate blame, of course, lies not with Phi Beta Kappa but with a grading system** which makes Phi Beta Kappa its standard of perfection. Eventually, there must be evolved a grading system which shall have as its standard of perfection the ability to think independently, to question intelligently, and to doubt remorselessly, every fact which offers itself for inspection. Whether such a grading system will necessitate "A", "B" and "C" standards or mere passing and failing grades, is a debatable question; but it is certain that Phi Beta Kappa will not remain the highest measure of attainment.

If it is really necessary to honor the brilliant minds of a university, those students who can think independently and who have taken fullest advantage of their preparations for business life, there should be organized a fraternity which selects its members for their ability to think and not their capacity to amass "A's". Occasional professors do apply progressive standards of grading by placing more emphasis upon their personal opinions of the perceptive thinking powers of their pupils than upon actual quantitative work accomplished and information assimilated. Some of these more progressive teachers could, after intelligent examination, point out the truly brilliant students, the men who are inspired rather than suffocated by their education.

Such an honorary fraternity would not necessarily exclude from membership those students who are weak in particu-

lar subjects. Literary geniuses, for example, whose inability to cope with the square on the hypotenuse turns mathematics into a horrible nightmare, would not be deprived of their just recognition. Dogged persistence might be slighted by such an honorary fraternity, but it would at least have the advantage over Phi Beta Kappa of making room for all the Darwins, Darrows, Shellys and Schwabs who will eventually be graduated from our universities.

**And Some Are Great**

from  
page 20

and he beats the living daylights out of the little bloke. Damn near killed him, too. He's been coming in here ever since, and drinking like a fish."

"He ought to get a divorce. Say, that ought to be easy," said Hugh, "and then he'd be rid of her."

"Yeah," disgustedly, "that's what I told him, but he says he ain't got the two hundred and fifty smackers the lawyer told him he'd need. Guess he figures he'll drink himself to death and then she won't get any more of his dough. How about another shot?"

"All right," and Hugh gulped it down hastily. For a conscious-stricken feeling came over him as he realized how late it was. He started off.

"Lord," he thought, "here I've been wasting a whole hour, and that story isn't written yet."

And then inspiration seized him. He would stand in the bread-line on Fifty-ninth Street, and get a sob story on the unemployed. Hurriedly he turned the corner and was lost in the crowd wending its way uptown.

**Woof! Woof!**

from  
page 35

that all respectable people have gone to bed " Since she has discovered that shouts of laughter are her only reward, she just rolls and tosses until finally her human-like snores tell anyone who cares to listen that Peggy has gone to sleep.



**Legends and Architecture**

from  
page 33

things visible to things invisible; in reading nature, he reads in the thought of God.

"Hugh of St. Victor contemplates a dove and thinks of the church. The dove has two wings for the two kinds of Christian life, the active and the contemplative. The blue feathers of the wings stand for thoughts of Heaven. The mottled color of the rest of the body symbolizes the ocean of human passions on which the church is tossed about. The yellow eyes of the dove are the look full of wisdom that the church throws upon the future. If the dove has red feet, it is because the church advances across the centuries, her feet stained by the blood of martyrs." Highly symbolical? Yes. Purely imaginative? Yes. But just as long as there remains the least spark of imagination in the mind of man, there will be stories written, stories about the things we see. And these legends, improbable as they may be, will make us rest a while to contemplate many things that we now take for granted.

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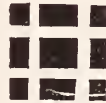
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